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SOUTH AFRICAN FASCISM

WHEN he was in London for the recent Commonwealth Conference, Dr. Malan was on his best behaviour; he even managed to persuade some influential members of the Government that he and his Nationalist colleagues were decent democrats who had been the victims of vicious misrepresentation. At the time we issued a warning against the dangers of gullibility. Whatever Dr. Malan may have said in London, he and his colleagues, with their policy of "Apartheid" and White Supremacy, repudiate the principles of liberty, equality and fraternity with all the earnestness and much the same sort of theological-political-claptrap as the Dixiecrats in the U.S.A. But whereas the Dixiecrats are fighting against still undefeated American liberalism, Malan is in power, and the strength of the extremists behind him, headed by such men as the ardently pro-Nazi Dr. Pirow, is steadily growing.

It was supposed, after the overthrow of the Smuts Government, that Dr. Malan would choose the path of moderation, in view of the fact that he had neither a mandate for his Republican policy nor a majority in the electorate. But he realised that large sections of the United Africa Party have as little genuine interest in liberalism as his own followers. Now, in his new South African Citizenship Bill he has found a convenient way of disfranchising a large number of potential political opponents. This Bill prevents anyone who immigrated in the last two years from voting until 1952. As the *Manchester Guardian* rightly observes: "It transforms British subjects from other parts of the Commonwealth into aliens." To become citizens in future, they must not merely register, but be certificated by the Minister of the Interior as having knowledge "of the duties and responsibilities of South African citizenship."

What this means can best be understood by re-reading the draft "Republican Constitution," which was published with Dr. Malan's full consent as long ago as 1942. This extraordinary document, which proposes to make the President "directly and only responsible to God," rules out Parliamentary responsibility and divides the inhabitants of the Union into two classes—Burghers and subjects. Negroes and Indians, of course, remain subjects. White people, however, are recognised as Burghers if "it can be expected that they will act as builders-up of the nation."

It is clear enough, therefore, that, having disfranchised all recent immigrants, Dr. Malan intends to subject them to a loyalty test which will exclude from the polling booths anyone who opposes the overtly Nazi designs of the present Government. If Dr. Malan has his way, South Africa will be reshaped as a four-class State. The base of the pyramid will be formed by millions of completely disfranchised and compulsorily illiterate Negroes; the next layer by disfranchised Indians, the next by disfranchised Whites, and at the top will stand a compact Herrenvolk of reliable Fascist-minded Burghers.

It is an ironical fact that, whereas Britain has just passed an Act to enfranchise all those Irishmen in Britain who had been rendered aliens by Mr. Costello's action in withdrawing from the Commonwealth, Dr. Malan, the Prime Minister of a nation *within* the Commonwealth, should be busily disfranchising British subjects resident in South Africa. The moral is clear. As the Germans learnt by bitter experience, those who tolerate the persecution of an unpopular race, sooner or later feel the lash on their own Aryan shoulders. The disgruntled Englishmen who, since the war, transferred their persons and their properties to South Africa, hoped to escape from the burden of Socialist controls, taxation and "fair shares for all" and to live at ease, ministered to by cheap black labour. Like those earlier British immigrants, who formed the basis of the United Africa Party, they connived at gross racial discrimination, and were chiefly concerned to ensure that they shared with the Dutch the privileges of White Ascendancy. Now they are learning that racialism is a totalitarian philosophy which destroys its fellow-travellers.

The Railway Crisis

The Executive Committee of the N.U.R. has now undertaken to do its best to dissuade its members from carrying out further "lodging-turn" protest strikes. Whether its advice will be heeded this Sunday on the North-east coast remains to be seen. The railwaymen are clearly in an uncompromising mood; and, apart from the dispute about lodging turns, there is the still unsettled question of the general claim for a wage advance. Indeed, unless th. Railway Executive is prepared to go considerably beyond its reported offer of a small increase exclusively for the lowest-paid men, there is a grave risk of unofficial stoppages and "working to rule" creating chaos on the whole railway system. We are doubtful of the wisdom of the Prime Minister's rejection of the N.U.R.'s proposal that he should personally intervene. The issue is much wider than the question how many nights a month train-crews may reasonably be expected to spend away from home; it is wider even than the demand for an all-round wage increase to compensate for increased living costs. It is true that, if there were no complaints about wages and working conditions, less might be heard of the railwaymen's claims to participate effectively in the management of the nationalised railways. (The miners are just as deeply distrustful of the N.C.B. as the railwaymen are of the Railway Executive, but the miners have temporarily won an improved standard of life, whereas the railwaymen have not.) Even if an acceptable com-

promise can be reached on the wage claim and in the lodging-turn dispute, the fact remains that the present trouble on the railways arises from a general sense of disillusionment and frustration which is a political as well as an economic issue.

The Bristol Dockers

The Government has at length succeeded in breaking the Bristol dock strike; but it is a victory of which the Minister of Labour has no cause to be proud. When the dockers at Bristol refused to work the *Montreal City*, the Canadian vessel held up there in connection with the Canadian seamen's dispute, the port employers shut down the whole port. This was, in our opinion, a piece of provocative stupidity. It seems to us no less wrong-headed on the part of Mr. Isaacs to have adopted an attitude which meant, in fact, backing the employers' action. The strikers indicated that the departure from Bristol of the *Montreal City* would bring the strike to an end; and they gave the Minister what was tantamount to an invitation to have the ship loaded by troops and thus enabled to sail. Mr. Isaacs's case, presumably, is that if he had taken this action he would have been condoning a breach of trade union discipline on the strikers' part; and he has also asserted that the Canadian Seamen's Union is a Communist body which no decent British worker ought to support. We have seen no evidence that the latter statement is true; and we have still to be convinced that unofficial strikers are always to be regarded as offenders against the British constitution, irrespective of the merits of the particular case. The plain truth is that the Bristol dispute was ineptly handled from the outset, and that Mr. Isaacs and the Bristol employers are as much to blame for its continuance as the men concerned. The strikers may have misinterpreted their solidarity obligations to the Canadian seamen, and may have been wrong to refuse to load the *Montreal City*; but such feelings are entitled to respect and reasonable argument, and should not be treated as treasonable practices against the majesty of trade union officialdom. The right to strike is the right of every Englishman, and is not subject to any veto by either Ministers or officials. We are not saying that the strikers were correct in taking the course they did—indeed, the sympathetic extension of the stoppage to the Mersey caused economic damage out of proportion to the particular issue involved. In the long run, however, it is short-sighted policy to "teach the men a lesson" by breaking a strike, when a settlement could have been brought about much sooner by reason and diplomacy.

The Dismantling Muddle

The latest incident in the sad story of dismantling in Western Germany is that British Military Government has had to introduce troops to enforce its orders at synthetic oil plants in the Ruhr. There is no doubt that General Bishop was right in using troops to ensure that the dismantling squads could get into the works in face of "passive" German opposition. Nothing would be gained by weakness at this late stage of events. What is lamentable is that things should have ever reached this point of confusion and coercion. It will not do simply to blame the German workers for objecting to the removal of their potential or actual means of livelihood. Nor will it do to blame General Bishop and Military Government. General Bishop, in particular, has shown a wise and tolerant hand in dealing with German recalcitrance under conditions which are increasingly difficult for him. The fault lies further up. The somewhat majestic statement issued by the Foreign Office provides no satisfactory explanation—either for British or for German opinion—why this necessarily painful task of dismantling was left until now. Everyone knows that the British could have carried through the dismantling of these plants without the slightest German opposition—if they had done this three or even two years ago while the shock of total defeat was still the dominant force in Germany. It is ridiculous to suggest that the labour was not then available. The squads now being used number only a score of men or little more. There is only one convincing explanation for this amazing postponement in taking down in 1949 plants which were listed to be taken down in 1946—that high policy, for one reason or another, wished to delay dismantling. The Americans, as we know from the activities of Mr. Paul Hoffman's special commission which travelled about Western Germany under the chairmanship of Mr. Humphrey, wanted to delay dismantling in order to avert it altogether. British reasons for wanting delay—or for agreeing to delay, which comes to very much the same thing in this case—are more obscure. They are so obscure, indeed, that no official spokesman has ever tried to explain them. It is high time that someone did. Uncharitable people may otherwise conclude that British policy has deliberately provoked a position in Western Germany in which dismantling—to say nothing of reparations, still largely unpaid and undelivered—has become practically impossible and politically unwise.

Which Way Yugoslav Minerals ?

Belgrade's announcement that the Czechoslovak Government has broken off trade relations with Yugoslavia—unconfirmed so far from the Czech side—is scarcely surprising. Increasingly isolated from their Eastern neighbours, the Yugoslavs have now entered upon a full-blooded policy of buying from the West what they can no longer buy from the East, and presumably expect the breach between themselves and the Cominform to grow wider still. What is particularly interesting about Belgrade's latest announcement, however, is the statement that the Czechs had asked for a sixfold increase in the export of Yugoslav non-ferrous metals. There were two reasons, one may suspect, why this demand was pressed and why the Yugoslavs rejected it. Nothing has angered the Cominform countries more than the sight of Yugoslav copper and other mineral ores being shipped Westward. The Czechs, no doubt, wanted to put it on record that they had offered to buy Yugoslav ores which would otherwise go to swell the "strategic reserves" of the imperialist West. Another and antecedent reason—and one which lies, perhaps, at the root of the whole quarrel—is an unwillingness consistently shown by the Yugoslavs to subordinate their own plans for industrialisation to the needs of their Eastern neighbours. It is an integral part of the Yugoslav attitude that they had earned the right to a certain priority among the "people's democracies," and that the Cominform, by treating their claims as no more deserving (or even as less deserving) than those of countries which had done far less for the Communist cause, had gravely "underestimated" them. The Czech-Yugoslav break is merely one more economic consequence of this.

Elections in Trieste

In view of the unrelieved quarrel between Belgrade and the Cominform, it is not surprising that, in last Sunday's elections at Trieste, the Slovene parties polled badly; but, even so, it is significant that no less than 65 per cent. of the votes cast were for Italian parties favouring the restoration to Italy of the Free Territory. Would this course now be opposed by the Soviet Union? Russian support for Yugoslav claims on Trieste no longer seems likely; but Czechoslovakia and Hungary might both well object to having to rely on an Italian Trieste as the only Mediterranean outlet supplementary to Fiume for the hinterland of Central Europe. Meanwhile, though there has been some revival of shipbuilding in the Trieste yards and a considerable increase in the tonnage of shipping entrances and clearances—due, in great part, to E.R.P. supplies en route for Austria—Trieste is still heavily dependent on its own allocation of Marshall Aid. The immediate intention of the Western Powers is apparently to convert the present military government into civilian control and to accord almost complete local autonomy to the Trieste administration which will result from last Sunday's election.

The U.S.A. Protests

The objection lodged by the United States to the British-Argentine trade agreement may be only formal or may indicate a return to a stiffer attitude towards bilateral agreements in general. For some time past the U.S. State Department has been recognising that the size of the dollar deficit, even with Marshall Aid to keep it down, leaves Great Britain with no alternative to doing all it can to replace dollar imports with supplies that do not have to be paid for in fully convertible currency. The objection taken to the agreement with the Argentine appears to rest principally on its duration of five years, and implies that the United States is still acting on the assumption of a return to multilateralism within a shorter period. It must, however, be obvious that, when Marshall Aid comes to an end, the strain on the dollar exchange, far from being relaxed, is likely to become much greater, and that there is no real prospect of the disappearance of what the Americans call "discrimination" for a long time to come. It should also be pretty clear that the British made a five-years' agreement with the Argentine not because they wanted to, but because no satisfactory terms could be got for a shorter-run bargain. The State Department invokes the authority of the International Trade Organisation, which stands for the speediest possible restoration of full multilateral trading. But the Argentine is not a member of I.T.O., and is not bound by the International Trade Charter. Great Britain is a member; but the obligations of the Charter are not yet in force—and clearly cannot be until the dollar problem is somehow solved. It is to be hoped that the State Department, having made its protest, will leave it at that, and allow common sense to have its way.

Britain's Debt to India

Negotiations have recently started in London on the problem of the sterling balances due to India—still struggling with the perilous inflation that started during the war. The rash lifting of controls, which Gandhi advised on the eve of his assassination, caused prices to soar still higher and brought a harvest of gain only to the profiteers. Something has been done since that disastrous experiment to check the rise of prices. Some of the controls were re-imposed and the ports were flung open to the unlicensed import of consumers' goods. In some degree the desired result was achieved; prices did move downwards. But for this momentary gain there was a heavy price to pay. India has now to face an adverse balance of trade and the discovery, as unpleasant for her as it is for us, that she has overdrawn her claims on her Sterling Balances

Account for about two years ahead. Our debt to India is still round about £600 million, but it is not in our power to pay it off more rapidly than by the annual instalments fixed by agreement between Whitehall and New Delhi. On the other hand, if the Indian masses have to face in the two years that lie ahead another severe shortage of consumers' goods, a further rise in prices and an orgy of blackmarketeering, the stability of India's social and political structure will be shaken.

Uproar in the Seychelles

When Dr. Selwyn-Clarke was appointed as Governor of the Seychelles Islands, people who knew of his magnificent work as Director of Medical Services in Hong Kong, and of the stand he had taken there under the stress of imprisonment and torture by the Japanese, were delighted that the Colonial Office should have made so imaginative an appointment; for it is highly unusual for a doctor, or for any member of the technical services, to become a Governor. But from the time he set foot in this outpost of Empire, Dr. Selwyn-Clarke had a difficult time. The Seychelles lie in splendid isolation in the Indian Ocean; out of a population of 35,000, three per cent. are Europeans, mainly French-speaking descendants of the French Revolution emigrés. Known as the *grands blancs*, they act as such towards the 97 per cent., who are coloured folks of slave ancestry. Colour discrimination has been rampant; next to no social services existed; there has been no popular representation of any sort; what income tax was imposed by law seems to have been blithely evaded. Entering this scene with reforming zeal, the new Governor introduced the beginnings of an elected Council, started social services, stabilised the price of copra, and set a magnificent personal example against colour prejudice. When, however, he decided to tackle the income tax scandal, it was just too much. A coloured barrister, Mr. Collet, was appointed as Legal Advisor to the Inland Revenue Department. Mr. Collet proceeded to chase up income tax arrears, with what has been described by the Under-Secretary in the House of Commons as "excessive zeal"—taking his inquiries as far back as 25 years. This would have been hard to bear under any circumstances—at the hands of a coloured man it was intolerable. Yet, despite Tory attacks on Dr. Selwyn-Clarke, it should be noted that in the recent elections Mr. Collet's party had won all six of the available seats. Whatever may be said of Mr. Collet's "zeal"—and 25 years is perhaps overdoing it!—there is no doubt that the majority of the people were in support of income tax reforms.

Water Power and Welsh Mountains

It will be deplorable if the Government decide to ignore the protests of the Councils for the Preservation of England and Wales against the hydro-electricity schemes now under discussion for the Snowden *massif*. On economic grounds there is a case for harnessing some of the water power of the Scottish Highlands; and the area north of the Clyde-Forth industrial belt is sufficiently large to be able to absorb considerable hydro-electric schemes without excessive damage to amenities. The mountain area of North Wales is, by comparison, tiny; and, apart from the Lake District, it is the one mountain sanctuary available for climbers and walkers south of the border. As Sir Norman Birkett points out in a letter to *The Times*, the schemes proposed would do irreparable damage to the Gwynant and Nant Ffrancon valleys, and would make nonsense of the Bill, now before Parliament, under which North Wales is to be one of the National Parks. Economically, there is no evidence that the contemplated expansion of electric power could not be secured by coal-fired stations elsewhere; and, even if there were, on strictly economic grounds, a case for the spoliation of the North Wales mountains, there are some material gains for which the price is much too high.

A Plan for Big Muddy

The long fight for a Missouri Valley Authority entered a new stage recently, when Charles Brennan, the Secretary of Agriculture, presented Congress with the Administration's plan to harness "Big Muddy." Pointing out that the project, at the present rate of progress, might take more than a century to complete, he put forward a scheme for flood control, irrigation and power generation which would cost more than ten billion dollars to carry out. This plan is unlikely to make much headway in the present Congress, but it places the Truman Administration squarely behind the demand for a co-ordinated plan of development in place of the inadequate compromise of the Pick-Sloan Plan, put together by the Army Engineers and the Bureau of Reclamation and supported by the large landowners and the power companies as a much lesser evil than the establishment of a comprehensive Authority for the whole Missouri Valley. If this Authority were set up, it would cover some 41,000 square miles and include all or part of ten States. Though it would be thirteen times as big as the T.V.A., its problems would be rather different. Flood control and irrigation are the chief problems of the Missouri Valley, with hydro-electric power proportionately less important than it is in T.V.A. Between 1942 and 1944, the damage in the Valley from floods amounted to more than $150 millions. If the area is to avoid a steady slide into economic stagnation and if its agriculture is to be kept prosperous, the M.V.A. is needed, whatever the utilities and other powerful interests may say. It is an immense project, which will not be carried in part or as a whole without a great struggle. But it is the logical and necessary way forward for a large part of the United States. If the recession deepens, more may be heard of Mr. Brennan's plan as a factor in pump-priming.

The Paris Conference

Our Paris correspondent writes: The Big Four Conference is coming to an end; and, if any positive results are achieved, it will not have been as a result of the public meetings, which have been an exasperating bore to everybody concerned. If anything comes of the present session, it will largely be as a result of the private talks begun with Mr. Bevin's visit to Mr. Vyshinsky last Saturday morning.

On the three items of the agenda openly discussed—German unity, Berlin and the preparation of a peace treaty—no substantial progress could be made; and, whether or not it is true to say that Mr. Acheson provoked Mr. Vyshinsky, the fact remains that the discussions degenerated at the public sessions into a series of propaganda speeches on both sides. Vyshinsky, who had approached the Conference with the conception that a limited economic *modus vivendi* was all that could be achieved, found himself obliged, partly in answer to Mr. Acheson's speeches and partly to reassure the German Communists, to assume the old-time role of champion of German democracy and German unity. He pressed for rapid steps to prepare a peace treaty with Germany, and said that all occupation troops should be withdrawn within a year of the signing of the peace treaty. Mr. Bevin, at the open session on Sunday, described the Vyshinsky proposal as "a tragic farce," and Mr. Acheson said that Vyshinsky's statement was as full of propaganda as a dog was full of fleas—in fact, it was all fleas and no dog. The only important contribution of the day was Mr. Bevin's categorical statement that the British Government was not going to take part in any eye-wash for the benefit of the Germans and that the occupation of Germany would continue as long as conditions of complete security had not been fulfilled.

The French naturally approved of this line. Mr. Bevin did agree, however, to advise His Majesty's Government to get experts to examine Mr. Vyshinsky's peace treaty proposals. Moreover, it seems that his Blackpool speech about "living side by side" with the Russians, even without any hard-and-fast agreement, had been followed up by him during his meeting with Vyshinsky on the previous day. Thus arose a somewhat novel situation in which Acheson (despite all the hopes entertained by the Russians that "he would not be another Marshall") was telling the Russians (as they themselves interpreted his words) to "get the hell out of Germany and out of Berlin" (which majority control of the Kommandatura would, in fact, have meant), while Bevin and Schuman were prepared to consider a *modus vivendi* which would create a feeling of continuity in the Four Power talks and not allow the present session to end in a general "bust up." Latterly Mr. Acheson has more or less come round to their point of view.

Blackpool has had a curious effect on the Russians. Mr. Bevin only recently was to them the personification of all evil. But if they find their friends helpless, they are apt to throw them overboard without further ado. The illusions the Russians entertained for a long time that Mr. Zilliacus could lead a revolt against Bevin have vanished; the support Bevin received at Blackpool has definitely impressed the Russians, and they have apparently now decided that they must come to terms with him, and not hope for any more Zilliacus-led rebellions. Being realists, the Russians perhaps realise now that there is no alternative to the Bevin policy, and they seem to have decided to accommodate themselves to it.

If Acheson, as the Russians say, has been telling them to "get the hell out of Germany," they know that, in fact, all the three Western Powers—Britain and France rather more decisively than America—have accepted the *de facto* partition and lasting occupation of Germany, and that, with the Germans in their present mood, this may be all to the good from the Russian point of view. Both sides, Russians and Westerners alike, are paying lip-service to a democratic, united Germany, but both the sides know that the occupation must go on; and the Russians also know that Acheson does not seriously consider "throwing them out of Germany."

As I write, it is not clear yet whether any important economic organ to co-ordinate trade between East and West will be established. Perhaps we shall merely have some decisions "of psychological value" in suggesting that the Four Power conversations on Germany will be resumed before very long.

The Russians apparently believe that there is no desperate hurry to reach agreement now as time is working in their favour, if only because Western Germany must, sooner or later, get markets in the East or collapse. In fact, what we have seen in Paris in the last three weeks is a display of rather crude and cynical power politics partially wrapped up; there is complete distrust on both sides.

KEEPING THE WAR COLD

ONE of the most remarkable features of the Paris Conference has been the resigned lassitude of all concerned. Gone are the days when cold warriors on both sides feared that peace might break out and advocated disagreement on principle as a sign of strength. To-day some degree of a will to agreement seems to exist both in Washington and Moscow; but the weary experts are discovering that it is far easier to split Germany and Berlin than to put them together again. For the time being at least the Cold War is spluttering out into an exhausted anxiety to find, somehow or other, a formula for living and letting live.

To many Englishmen this change of mood—reflected faithfully in Mr. Bevin's conciliatory Blackpool speech—is a little puzzling. They can see many obvious reasons why the Kremlin should desire a *détente*. But why the lack of the old crusading fire in Washington? Why the delay in ratifying the Atlantic Pact? Why the new hesitancy in making the appropriations for this year's Marshall Aid? Why the delay even in discussing the modest programme of Lend-Lease armaments for Western Union? Is America going isolationist after all?

As always in American politics, the answer to these questions must be both complex and incomplete. One generalisation, however, can be made. Once again, domestic politics, the polygon of pressure groups, is determining American foreign policy, as it always has done, except in periods of actual war or acute national danger. The fear of a sudden economic collapse of Western Europe—or, alternatively, of the advance of the Red Army to the Channel ports—which made possible the approval of Marshall Aid, has been gradually lifted. It is no longer possible to argue convincingly for one supreme national effort to save European democracy from imminent destruction. Ironically enough, the dramatic success of the air-lift has removed the drama from the Cold War, and with it the main motive for an American national unity transcending the pressure groups which normally control Washington politics. The Chiefs of Staff, who as late as last autumn still dominated the President's council and moulded his foreign policy into some sort of coherence, have now sunk to the level of one of those powerful special interests which annually compete for budgetary consideration. By relaxing their pressure in the Cold War, the Russians, whether intentionally or no, have removed the main motive, which for nearly two years held together not only the discordant elements in the U.S.A., but the whole Western world. Now that no one can argue the need for united resistance to imminent aggression, the question is whether there is a basis for permanent peacetime co-operation between the U.S.A. and Western Europe; or whether underlying conflicts of economic interest will cause the Allies of the Cold War to drift into their traditional semi-isolationisms.

Accompanying this relaxation of Western unity has come the American recession. Many Socialists have far too easily assumed that this recession would bring an increased effort to dispose of the American surplus abroad, just as they assumed that the desire to export unemployment was the prime motive for Marshall Aid. That this economic analysis of American foreign policy is misleading is clear enough from the fact that the recession has produced Congressional demands not to increase appropriations for foreign spending but to cut them. So far from trying to export their unemployment, Congressmen are almost unanimous in the conviction that taxes must be lowered in order to encourage business, even if this means inroads on national defence, Lend-Lease armaments and E.R.P.

The fact is that the Marshall Plan, so far from being an expression of the needs of American capitalism, as interpreted by American capitalists, was in direct conflict with them. A few special interests, such as tobacco, cotton and the Merchant Marine, saw some obvious advantages in Aid to Europe; but most business men were persuaded to accept an unwelcome burden of taxation by their hysterical fear of Communism. Now that the danger has receded and the recession is deepening, the natural forces in the American economy are reasserting themselves; and business men alike are showing an increasing reluctance to foot the bill for the Cold War.

It is, of course, possible that the Russians may at any time, by a rash indiscretion, revive the fervour of the anti-Communist crusade and in this way facilitate Mr. Truman's task of maintaining a steady stream of aid to Western Europe. But it would be as unwise to bank on this as it would be to postulate a firm agreement between East and West. What we are far more likely to see is the attainment of a *modus vivendi* without any formal agreement to disagree; a decline of the war scare without any peace settlement. In this case, though the U.S.A. will not return to isolationism, isolationist influences in Washington will certainly increase. America will concentrate far more on her own domestic problems and her foreign policy will be increasingly conditioned by them. With another bumper wheat crop in prospect, for instance, it is impossible for the Administration to permit us to use E.R.P. dollars for surplus Canadian wheat. So, too, the American oil interests, faced with an unexpected surplus of supply over demand, will not sit by idly while Britain, by a bi-lateral pact, corners the Argentian oil market.

The British Government, therefore, is faced with a most delicate problem. On no account can it permit the idea to gain currency that acute Cold War, combined with American assistance in the fight against Communism, is what really suits us best. More than any other country we need world peace. On the other hand, it would be fatal to take American speeches in favour of a return to peacetime multi-lateralism at their face value and to stake our fortunes, as we did before the 1947 convertibility crisis, on a return to normal trading. The more the tension between East and West relaxes and the deeper the American recession, the more we must rely on bi-lateral pacts, such as the Argentina trade agreement in order to reduce our need for free dollars. And we must expect to negotiate these pacts, both in the Western hemisphere and with members of the Eastern Bloc, in the face of increasing hostility from Washington.

In the second place, we shall have to realise that, in its present mood, Congress is most unlikely to authorise more than token assistance to the rearmament of Western Europe. Even if the recession becomes a slump and the Administration succeeds in scaring Congress into pump-priming measures, it would be dangerous to assume that they will take the form of Lend-Lease armaments or even Marshall Aid. Western Europe will have to rely increasingly on its own resources both for economic reconstruction and for military defence. Unless the Russians deliberately choose to revive the Cold War, the period of artificially stimulated American aid will soon be over; and with it will have to disappear—what was always a mirage—the idea of a new Maginot Line manned by Europeans and armed from across the Atlantic.

BLACKPOOL AND THE VOTER

THE two lessons of the Blackpool Conference are, first, the strength of the Labour leadership and, second, the size of the gulf which still divides it from its rank-and-file supporters throughout the country. In the course of five days some 1,200 delegates were submitted to an intensive course of political education. They came out of it, if not liberated from their many half-formulated discontents, at least chastened by information about the Government's difficulties, impressed by its record and finally stirred to genuine enthusiasm by the vigour and ability of their leaders. Nor was the ovation undeserved. In the domestic field Labour has done very well. But it is not enough for the leaders to impress conference delegates; they must also convince the rank-and-file in the country that they are not allowing the magnitude of their problems to weaken their resolution.

It was inevitable that the Executive should dominate the floor. There is now no organised opposition, as there was in the days of the Socialist League; and, when this is absent, the Party Conference always tends to degenerate into a mass meeting. The lack of any real debate was emphasised by the decision to follow the precedent of the 1945 Blackpool Conference and to discuss *Labour Believes in Britain* as a whole, without taking the critical resolutions on the Agenda. Though no less than 64 speeches were made in the two-day debate on the draft programme, the Executive had a very easy time. It had forestalled charges of steam-rollering by promising to take careful note of all the points made and by emphasising that *Labour Believes in Britain* is only a draft, and that the final programme, redrafted in the light of the Blackpool debate, will be presented to a special Conference. What was remarkable in this long debate was the absence of any serious objections from the floor to the policy of consolidation. Indeed, the only serious doubts about the programme were those expressed by delegates who disputed the wisdom of nationalising insurance. Even on the crucial issue of the wage-stop, Sir Stafford Cripps made such an overwhelming defence of his policy that a card vote was unnecessary.

This docility of the delegates certainly made the Conference less interesting for participants and spectators alike. But it is a mistake to imagine that it was due to adroit stage management. The rank-and-file wanted to ask questions and express complaints on minor points, but on all matters of general policy it came to the Conference in a mood not of aggressive criticism but of anxiety for strong leadership. And the leadership was certainly provided. The rank-and-file needed no dragooning because it had no clear alternatives to the Government's policy, and because it realised that the Labour Party leadership now holds a dual position as both Government and voice of the Party. If Labour were to fall from office, the Party Conference would no doubt regain for the time being some of its old excitement. But the docility of the Conference is also due in part to Great Britain's economic difficulties, which set narrow limits to what *can* be done in most of the matters on which the active rank-and-file have the strongest feelings. The trouble

is that those feelings cannot be expressed in articulate policies without a vast amount of detailed knowledge which the ordinary party member or Trade Unionist does not possess. He cannot provide an alternative policy to that of the Government, and yet (unless he spends five days at Conference) he feels uneasily that somehow there *should* be an alternative.

In particular, most of the Labour rank-and-file are still quite unconvinced that the limits of income redistribution on the basis of present productivity have been almost reached—at any rate where the full bill for social services already on the Statute Book has to be met. The ordinary Labour man remains scornful of such a contention, which he answers by pointing to lists of exceedingly high company profits, to the painful inability of most working-class incomes to run to buying many of the high-priced goods now on offer in the shops, to the high salaries offered to members of public boards, including ex-Trade Unionists, and to the evidence of his own eyes that there is still a wide gulf between the spending habits and ways of living of the rich and the poor. You may explain to him that dividends are limited, and that much of the high profits' total is ploughed back into capital developments that are indispensable for high productivity. You may explain to him the big difference between gross incomes and incomes after direct taxes and local rates have been deducted from them. You may prove to him that, thanks to food subsidies and social services, the differences in real income have been greatly reduced. He will come back at you with Sir Stafford Cripp's admission that profits are "frightfully high" and hence (he supposes) the cause of too high prices; even more emphatically he will retort with an assertion of the validity of his own eyes' evidence that the rich can still afford a great deal of luxury expenditure, whereas that little gadget he would like to have, though now displayed in the shop windows, costs more than he can possibly afford.

What is more, the working man who takes this line is fully as much right as wrong. He is right in saying that, even if much has been done to improve social security, almost nothing has yet been done to attack the economic foundations of class-difference; for the rich, whose incomes have been heavily taxed, can fall back on living on capital gains or, when that is not possible, on their capital, and can keep this up for a long time before any erosion of the class-structure begins to show up. He is right, too, in distrusting deeply the tendency to turn his own leaders into business executives at salaries comparable with those paid by big capitalist combines. Where he goes wrong is, first, in grossly over-estimating the amount that luxury consumption actually diverts from more useful purposes and, secondly, in failing to take in the unpleasant truth that, as long as the dollar shortage persists and the balance of payments is precariously kept in equilibrium only with American help, any policy that would involve substantially higher imports either of foodstuffs or of materials for making consumer's goods for the home market is impracticable.

It is not in the least surprising that the ordinary voter should find this difficult to understand. He does not want to believe it, and it is much easier not to listen to the arguments that prove it than to make an effort to follow an unfamiliar and none-too-easy line of thought. And that is why it is so important psychologically for the Labour Party to find ways of cutting profits off at the source, instead of relying simply on limiting their distribution and on taxing them as incomes after they have been made. That is why it is so important to attack the maldistribution of capital as well as that of income, and to be very cautious in establishing new highly paid bureaucracies to run the nationalised services. If the main body of the workers saw profits falling and large fortunes being broken up, they would be very much readier to believe that the obstacle to higher real wages is not nearly so much the expenditure of the wealthy as the limits set to what this country can at present afford to import.

Unless some clear understanding of the true position can be got across to the main body of Trade Unionists and Co-operators, the pressure from the one group for higher wages and from the other for the removal of Purchase Tax will become more and more difficult to resist. Indeed, the wages stop can hardly last much longer, without serious industrial unrest, even if the big Trade Unions for the most part continue to put their influence behind the Government. But higher real wages, on any significant scale, are out of the question without higher exports to pay for the higher imports they require; and higher exports will not be achieved without a substantial fall in costs—which means higher productivity that will more than offset rising wages. Devaluation is no answer, both because it would probably lead to still greater competitive devaluations elsewhere, and because its effects in raising the cost of imports are far more certain than its effects in expanding export sales.

In such a situation as this, the Government, since it must juggle ceaselessly with expedients that leave it little margin, must keep the control of policy in its own hands. In considering what to nationalise, it has to pick those things which it can take over without upsetting precarious balances elsewhere; and in matters of economic and social policy it has for the time being to pick what it can do without indirectly increasing the demand for imports. The danger is that, after the overwhelming vote of confidence at Blackpool, it may lose sight of the need to explain its difficulties, and the limits set by them, to its own supporters. It must retain the enthusiasm even of those whose instinct is to vote Labour almost without question. No party can afford to take its followers for granted. If it does, it may lose heavily by abstentions when the General Election comes, because those who will vote for it in any case will not be quite keen enough to trouble to pull out as many as possible of those who, left to themselves, will not bother to vote at all. The Labour Government have still a great fund of goodwill to prevent this; but goodwill can lapse very fast, unless it is strengthened by real understanding.

Faced with this electoral danger, a less scrupulous Chancellor of the Exchequer might have persuaded the Conference to look into the future through rose-tinted glasses. Sir Stafford's honesty left the rank-and-file no alternative but to accept Herbert Morrison's advice to be prudent. Prudence that is required by a dangerous situation is not the same thing as cowardice; it does not, as Left-wing enthusiasts easily think, necessarily mean lack of resolution. Lenin, after all, announced a New Economic Policy in which free enterprise would be allowed. The analogy is not very close, but it gives a clue to Mr. Aneurin Bevan, who, in one of the most eloquent of his speeches, almost persuaded the Conference that private enterprise was an important discovery of the Socialist Party. If we cannot go forward rapidly towards the Socialist goal, Mr. Bevan showed that we can at least bring a crusading spirit to the task of consolidating our gains. So far, so good—provided the Government convinces us that consolidation is a temporary phase, not a camouflaged retreat.

A LONDON DIARY

I WAS much amused to see the care with which my fellow intellectuals, in describing the Conference, expiated on the glories of Blackpool, and described how they vied with each other in submitting to its pleasures. It is natural enough to want to avoid a charge of middle-class superiority, and I am sure that they really did enjoy the unusual experience of milling with the crowds on the pleasure beach, which none of them would dream of choosing for his own summer holiday. Blackpool, with its ugliness and high prices, is the supreme example of the commercial exploitation of working-class limitations. All the pleasures of a big industrial city have been concentrated on a stretch of Lancashire coast where sea-bathing is almost impossible, trees find it difficult to survive, and beauty is excluded by every device of man's contriving. The only noble feature of the place is the trams, which are handsome and very fast. Walking on the sea-front in the evening you can see the mountains of Cumberland a few miles to the north and reflect on what Cyril Joad has called the "drainage system" which preserves the quiet of our countryside by canalising working-class holiday-makers into places like Blackpool and Southend, where their year's savings are painlessly removed from their pockets in a few days.

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According to tradition, the worker saves up for Blackpool, lives like a millionaire there for a week and must arrive back home without a penny. Some will recall a story by Arnold Bennett about holiday-makers taking a cab from the station on their return and paying for it with half-a-crown left deliberately for the purpose under the clock on the mantel-piece. Well, I learnt this year that that tradition is still very much alive. A friend who was staying at the same hotel as a family of four from a Lancashire town tells me that in the course of a week this working-class family spent £100 they had saved. Having their return tickets, they discovered exactly 6s. left. This they bestowed on the landlord, explaining that it would never do to get back home from Blackpool with any dough in their pockets.

* * *

Mr. Morrison teased the inquiring journalists at Blackpool by telling them that the General Election would take place before its legal last minute in August, 1950. So they still speculate about the advantages of a snap election next autumn. These advantages are real enough. If the American recession continues, there is serious danger of unemployment here next spring. Unless the Government drastically reduces the cost of defence (which seems unlikely), Sir Stafford Cripps will probably have to produce another Budget as grim as that of 1949. In that case, it will be difficult to rally the women's vote on the Labour side. However, the practical case against an autumn election is probably even stronger. It is not only that the Labour Party has promised further to curb the Lords and that it will take pride, after passing the Steel Bill, in going to the country with the whole of its mandate fulfilled. There are other less obvious but very potent factors, such as the financial difficulty of fighting a National Election in the same year as the local elections. The local parties have scraped the bottom of the financial barrel; those which had recently to fight both County and Borough seats are nearly all in debt and lamenting the reform which bunched the local elections together instead of spreading them out. Moreover, I am

sure that Herbert Morrison did not fail to observe the mood of the delegates at the beginning of the Blackpool Conference. In the course of five days, some superb oratory—by all accounts Nye Bevan was outstanding, with, surprisingly enough, a quiet and conciliatory Ernie Bevan a close second—transformed the mood so thoroughly that Jim Griffiths on the last morning could call without mawkishness for a moment of silent self-dedication. But all this only affected the delegates in the Winter Garden. It will take many months to inspire the Party throughout the country with the same spirit, quite apart from replenishing the Party coffers.

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When Pandit Nehru pays his promised visit to Washington, Liaquat Ali Khan, Prime Minister of Pakistan, is to be in Moscow. This is certainly a very odd development. The Conservatives here have always believed in Pakistan as a British Ally against the dangerous Hindus on one side and the malevolent Bolsheviks on the other. But the Pakistani are suffering badly from a sense of isolation and neglect. When Liaquat Ali Khan was here a few weeks ago, he addressed a group of journalists in terms which left no doubt at all about his bitter disappointment with the publicity of his country in England. His complaint was all the more remarkable because Liaquat is a very able man who knows the West well and must surely understand that newspaper publicity depends not on prejudice but on "news value."

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Pakistan is certainly isolated. Though it is not commonly admitted, it is true that India was prepared to end the Kashmir dispute by partition and that Pakistan refused. As a result, formally and in public, both Dominions now demand all or nothing in Kashmir, which means that, in spite of the best efforts of the United Nations Commission, there is a complete and extremely expensive deadlock. At enmity with India on the one side, Pakistan might have hoped for a close alliance with her Moslem neighbour of Afghanistan. Instead, an obscure but important dispute has developed. The Afghans demand control over the millions of Pathans who now owe a nominal allegiance to Pakistan, and they also demand an outlet to the sea which, according to some versions, even includes Karachi itself.

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I have admired and enjoyed Bertrand Russell so much for so many years that I find it difficult to express anything but pleasure that he has been given the O.M. He now seems to me to have lost his way as a political philosopher and social thinker. I have in front of me, for instance, a recent article that he contributed to the *Morning News* on May 28th, 1949. This paper is published by the Allied Commission in Austria. He says that if we had a successful war against Russia he profoundly believes that this "would produce a Renaissance of hope and joy and creativeness, a great leap of the human spirit, leading to a new achievement in art, in science, in politics, and in the organisation of a humane way of life." Now I make no complaint about his fear of Soviet Communism or his detestation of much that it stands for. He has been so consistent about this that he is able to-day to reprint without change his *Theory and Practice of Bolshevism* first published thirty years ago. What troubles me is that so great a thinker should now write anything as shallow as the sentence I've just quoted. George Orwell and Arthur Koestler, who share his point of view about Russia, are far more clear-headed. They see that the danger lies in the totalitarian tendencies of the world, which would only be aggravated by war.

It is, I suppose, too much to hope that the threatened inquiry into the fellow-travelling activities of Danny Kaye, Frank Sinatra and a whole long row of the most famous Hollywood characters will ever mature. Failing the real thing, we must wait to see what some imaginative film producer makes of the idea. I need not enlarge on the possibilities of a picture of Danny giving imitations in the witness box and the audience swooning as one woman when they hear the voice of Frank, testifying. Grateful though I am for the entertainment the witch-hunters provide, I find their activities quite detestable. Communism is a serious matter; the degrees of truth and falsehood in its tenets cannot be settled by spy trials in America or Russia. Nothing but confusion can result from wild accusations of "un-American activities" against any American who has at some time or another agreed with some cause which the Communists were also supporting at the time. After all, if Frank Sinatra and Danny Kaye are Communists or near-Communists what better advertisement for Communism in America? Who would not be fellow-travellers with Frank and Danny?

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"A remarkable display of forgeries upstairs," said the director of one of our great art galleries, as he left the Ganymed exhibition at the office of Lund, Humphries, Ltd., who are jointly responsible with this journal for Ganymed reproductions in this country. So good, indeed, are the forgeries that another, even better known, critic told me that he could not have distinguished between the Ganymed *Beatrice and Dante* and the original Blake in the Tate Gallery. The reproductions have to be embossed to prevent eventual sale as originals. This kind of perfection is not easily achieved; it is not the result of a secret process, but of many years of most meticulous and patient work. The experts and their machines were in Germany at the end of the war. The machines? Well, they were first seen by the creators of Ganymed Press as bits of broken metal, observable amongst a mountain of rubble in the basement of a Berlin building which consisted of bent iron stanchions and hunks of concrete hanging from them in festoons. The job of getting out the bits and remaking the machines took months. It was done by Germans who, at that time, were almost starving. Special bowls of soup had to be provided to enable them to do the job. An old lady of 70 could be seen sitting in the freezing basement, cleaning nails and screws with emery paper. Once the machines were reassembled, the job was to get them to England. The story of frustration in trying to rescue anything from the German scrap-heap in 1946 and 1947 may some day be told, though I doubt it. Some inkling of what was involved may be gained if one recalls that the value of any article paid to the Germans in marks had to be separately computed by officials of the C.C.G. Thus more money had to be paid for the second pair of collotype machines than for the first, even though the same number of marks were paid to the Germans in both cases. In spite of the help and good will of the Board of Trade, getting the licences to export them and arranging the transport was also a fantastically slow and difficult business. But the end crowns the work. I hope in the near future to hang my walls with what everyone will take for original paintings by the great masters.

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In one of his lectures Professor Gilbert Murray tells a story of the aged and formidable Duke of Wellington astonishing the mess by declaring that in the Peninsular wars his servant had opened a bottle of port and a rat had jumped out. The awe-struck silence was broken by an officer who thought valour more important than discretion. It must, he murmured, have been a very large bottle. "No," said the Duke, "it was a damned small bottle." "Oh," said the trembling officer, "then no doubt it was a very small rat." "It was a damned large rat," shouted the Duke, and there, as Professor Murray says, the matter has rested ever since. Mr. Park, the gardener, bears a strong family resemblance to the Duke of Wellington. He has often told me that the petals of white lupins always fall from the bottom as the blossoms open. He has, indeed, occasionally illustrated this unrecorded fact by pointing to a white lupin which is shedding its petals. I have never dared to risk any comparison with other coloured lupins at the same moment. But last week-end I called Mr. Park's attention to an unusually fine white lupin in which all the blossoms were perfect. Mr. Park said that the lupin was not white. "But, Mr. Park," I said, "why not?" "Because," he said, "the petals of white lupins always fall as they open."

CRITIC

YES ?

In a palace pink as the damask rose is,
East and West for new peace-talks meet;
The East one rose-red Reich proposes,
The West for their white-rose Reich compete.
Bonn and Potsdam engender heat—
Three will yield no more, One will take no less.
What breaks the deadlock, that seems complete?
Only the sound of Vyshinsky's "Yes!"

No bed of roses the hall discloses,
Crumpled roseleaves strew every seat;
But the rose-pink palace the Four encloses
In a rosy rendezvous more discreet.
In open session Four face defeat,
Under the rose they may acquiesce.
What seek the Three in that sealed retreat?
Only the sound of Vyshinsky's "Yes!"

In the Palais Rose the Conference dozes,
Rose-hued moments in dreamland fleet;
From Eastern and Western delegates' noses
Conference snores trumpet concord sweet.
What sound may the ears of the sleepers greet,
That never was heard at Lake Success?
What fill their dreams with a gentle bleat?
Only the sound of Vyshinsky's "Yes!"

What sound makes the heart of their hope to beat,
The hope that his "No!" cannot suppress?
Only the word he *may* repeat,
Only the sound of Vyshinsky's "Yes!"

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Maentwrog power station, for instance, harmonises well with its setting, and is particularly unobtrusive. Both this and the original Cwm Wyli stations are not unlike a C.M. Chapel, and are a credit to the architects.—Letter in *Liverpool Daily Post*. (R. Hemington.)

Viscountess X must dispose of her long modern Russian sable coat in view of present Parliament's pressure on patrician personages; price asked half present-day value.—Advt. in *The Times*. (G. C.)

On the relative merits of the workmanship in British and German goods, Karl Robson . . . should realise that Stonehenge will still be standing when the Tannenberg Memorial, so shoddily made, has fallen to pieces.—Letter in *News Chronicle*. (Thomas Jago.)

It was really to permit the continuation of such things as cricket that resistance to the Totalitarian challenge was worth while.—*Middlesex County Times*. (F. R. Smith.)

The skull of William Corder, who was hanged for the murder of Maria Marten in the Red Barn at Polstead, Suffolk, in 1828, has been presented by the West Suffolk General Hospital, Bury St. Edmunds, to the Bury St. Edmunds Corporation. The skull will be placed with a book bound with Corder's skin in the local museum.—*The Times.* (C. R. Hewitt.)

THE FARM LABOURER

We hear a lot nowadays about the farmer and the scientist, reclamation and research, mechanisation and the re-equipment of agriculture. And very rightly. But we do not hear enough about the farm labourer, who is one of the most important people in the country. His numbers are considerable, just over half a million in all. He constitutes some 55 per cent. of the entire labour-force of the agricultural industry on which so many of the economic hopes of our nation now depend. He is, on the most perversely technical reckoning, the most valuable tool in that industry, for he takes eighteen years to make, his minimum maintenance costs are nearing £5 a week and he is more flexible and responsible than any other piece of farm equipment. He works as hard, as long and as skilfully as any other craftsman and he preserves much of the vigour and tenacity, the courtesy and devasting, sardonic common sense of an older, simpler, tougher England. Yet despite his improved wages, security and professional pride, he remains one of the least vocal, least influential, least known and least understood men in the land.

For this, of course, there are many reasons. Politically, for instance, the farm labourer is scattered thinly on the electoral ground and there can be few constituencies where his vote would be decisive. Socially, the collapse of the squirearchy has robbed him of a contact, however indirect, with the outside world where things are done and decisions made—a contact whose value and importance were analysed so brilliantly by Tocqueville a century ago. Economically, he has long been the weakest partner in an industry on the whole depressed and disheartened. But the root of the matter is this painful and dangerous divorce, now a lifetime old, between the town mind and rural reality. Knowledge and understanding are alike lacking and, in particular, the average townsman cannot comprehend the power and influence of the two lords of the countryside, both alien to his thought and experience, who rule the life of the agricultural labourer. The first of these invisible lords is Nature, the second History.

For Nature has made the work of the labourer different in essence as well as routine from that of the townsman. He is dealing with crops and stock, living things which have their own properties and laws and care nothing for clocks or human desires. In particular, they cannot be left alone for long, especially on the smaller farms—and most English farms are in this sense small—so that the labourer is tied and physically circumscribed in a way that the worker in an office or a factory can scarcely understand. *Adscriptus glebae*, in fact, is a phrase of more than mediaeval significance. Moreover, the care of stock looms large in the lives of most labourers and this, too, breeds habits and casts of thought alien to those of the townsman, for there are great and subtle differences between those who deal with animals and those who do not. The industrial catchwords about efficiency, organisation and enterprise mean nothing to the cowman, and the nearer he is in mind to his charges the better is he at his job. His tools are quietness, observation, gentleness and, above all, inexhaustible patience, none of them qualities which fit easily into the normal urban pattern. Remember, too, that all this has its political implications, for the profession of the land-worker destroys by its very nature any chance of the organised power enjoyed by his opposite number in the factory. He cannot strike, because no man worth the ground his boots cover will leave animals untended, while even such a lesser evil as an unweeded field is an almost physical offence to the countryman.

Thus the labourer is closely controlled by the peculiar character of his daily work which is, of course, for the most part lonely and physically exacting. But it is other things as well. In particular, it is highly skilled and demands considerable and prolonged concentration, whether it be, for instance, milking, hoeing or following a drill. Consider, as an example, this commonplace matter of ploughing. A horse is apparently a clumsy tool. So is a plough. Yet at ploughing matches a man will take a strange horse and a strange plough and, in a strange field, turn a furrow a hundred yards long. Now if he is over, say, three inches out of the straight line he stands little chance of a prize, and the final measurements are made in terms of a quarter of an inch, which is less than the length of the nail on your little finger. Work at once so arduous and so precise necessitates that steady, plodding gait which to the ignorant appears so lethargic when watched comfortably from over the hedge yet is in reality the only effective safeguard against exhaustion. And this slow and deliberate habit follows the labourer out of working hours, in mind as well as body, and in any case there is little surplus of energy for exuberance or adventure. The traditional ways, therefore, come easier to him and home and the pub, the newspaper and wireless are sufficient for most of his personal needs. Further, though he can use words as well as any man, his work does divorce him from the pen, ink and paper which are the common tools of so many Englishmen, so that writing is not his normal means of expression. Indeed, it is difficult to think of any book since Arch's *Autobiography* written by a professional farm-worker; and, for instance, the author of *From Lark Rise to Candleford*, which gives so just and illuminating an account of life in an Oxfordshire hamlet a generation ago, was apparently the daughter of a mason who became a post-mistress. So the townsman, who must of necessity rely mainly on books for his knowledge of the labourer, generally learns of the labourer's life and ways through writers who are not themselves labourers and who do not always see things with his eyes.

Thus does Nature govern the life and influence the character of the farm labourer. But the hand of History, too, weighs heavily upon him. For this idea that the past is behind us and can therefore be ignored is false doctrine; false in principle, because history was the mould in which the present was formed, so that its power survives its reality; false in fact, because experience shows that the teachings of the older generation are among the strongest influences in human life—and they can go back an astonishingly long way. The present writer, for instance, is less than middle-aged, yet he has worked under a landowner whose *father* was born in the year that Robespierre died. And the past has been very hard to the farm labourer. Not so very long ago, as lifetimes run, he was a land-occupying peasant, farming his own holding and enjoying his share of the means of production. Then came the Enclosures and by, say, 1830 he was a landless labourer, entirely dependent on his wages.

This had two effects. Firstly, he lost his old status and independence and with it his personal and family prospects, for he now had little real hope of rising in his industry. Secondly, he was left at the economic mercy of his employers. And unquestionably the Victorian Age was purgatory for the farm labourer. What Cobbett saw in a green tree, Henslow, Kingsley, Hudson and Rider Haggard saw when the wood was dry, and all alike condemned it. The background, therefore, is bitter: Speenhamland, the pathetic 1831 rising, Tolpuddle, the rick-burnings, the abominable gangs, the failure of so much of Arch's work, all these things are part of it. There are men still alive who remember the days when a labourer past work could only hope for a year or so as a stone-breaker on the roads and then, unless his family could support him, the inevitable workhouse, whose bat-shadow is still a thing of dread in some parts, while as late as 1900 Haggard found that an unemployed labourer was sometimes in real danger of starvation. Is it not significant that, to judge from casual conversation, only one statesman between Gladstone and Churchill is more than a name to the average labourer? That is Lloyd George; for the "rare and refreshing fruits" of the Old Age Pensions which sound so rhetorical today were bountiful reality to the father of the present-day farm-worker, and for this the Welshman is still remembered with gratitude in our villages.

Further, the labourer has shared in the general decline of rural pride and prosperity which followed the coming of the great depression in the later 1870s. He has, therefore, long felt himself tied to a decaying industry and while the urban factories grew steadily bigger and better, more pleasant and more productive, he watched the standards and hopes of the countryside, of which he was part, weaken and fail. He suffered, therefore, psychologically as well as physically. It is, for instance, quite intolerable that a man who, through no particular virtue of his own, if it be a virtue, wears a blue suit and neat shoes, goes to the cinema and imitates the accent of the B.B.C. announcer should think himself in some mysterious way necessarily "better" than the man who, through no particular fault of his own, if it be a fault, wears old clothes and heavy boots, goes to the village pub and speaks with a country accent. But it is sheer tragedy when the labourer thinks the same—and for many years he has had little incentive, economic or personal, to think otherwise.

Geoffrey Garratt remarked in the 1920s that the townsman who leaves his stuffy office to do a man's work on the land should not expect admiration from his new colleagues, for he will receive only tacit sympathy. "Bit cracked, 'e must be, pore lad, or p'raps got pinching money and putting it on the 'osses. Naught else will make a man chuck a decent job and come and lead muck." Since then times have changed and with them opinions, but the old feelings linger in the country as well as the towns. So far have only two lifetimes of the rule of the town mind degraded the class whose turbulence, energy, pride and independence were for five centuries the astonishment of foreigners and the boast of Englishmen.

NIGEL HARVEY

(To be continued.)

SACRED MUSIC

[Councillor Owen Harold said the Eire anthem was sacred . . . and should never be played on a mechanical instrument.—*News Item.*]

Never shall Eire's National Song,
Like bully beef, be canned:
Though art be short and life be long,
True patriots suffer and are strong:
Strike up, the small-town band!

ALLAN M. LAING

MALTA TO-DAY

TRADITIONALLY, Malta has always been a fortress. It is still. Fly in from the West over the baked, barren rocks, and you can see the Jets as they scream and wheel on training flights high above the island. In the harbour, warships of two great navies are riding easily at anchor. But though for centuries wars and invasions have washed over the island, the Maltese find it hard to reconcile themselves to their fate. "It is Malta's tragedy that war, and war only, can bring us prosperity," says pallid, white-haired Prime Minister Paul Boffa. "War is the one thing we in Malta never want to see again."

Over all life in Malta to-day there lies a thin crust of prosperity. The dockyard is full. Twelve thousand men, mostly Maltese, have well-paid work repairing Admiralty ships. The shops are crammed with all sorts of unrationed goods, and streamlined American cars hoot their way down Valletta's narrow streets behind the horse-drawn *carrozins*, or skate on two wheels round the winding country lanes. Land—poor, parched almost useless land—changes hands for as much as £300 an acre, and nearly every peasant can boast at least a small cache of golden sovereigns.

But the basis for all the island's thin prosperity is war. "Take away our dockyard and we are finished," a Maltese Minister said to me, "Even while we have it, the outlook for Malta is bleak. When I tell you that we weren't much more depressed during the siege than we are now, you'll see that our outlook is very bleak."

Eighteen months of Labour rule have given Malta the beginnings of Socialism on paper without making a particularly strong impression on her fundamental problems. "No stone is being left unturned in these islands," said the Governor platitudinously when he opened the Third Session of the First Legislature in February, "to promote the general welfare of the community with particular reference to that of the working classes." Old-age pensions have been started on a contributory basis, the workmen's compensation ordinance has been improved, and the Government is making vigorous efforts to find both schools and teachers so that some at least of Malta's children of school age can make a start with their education.

Social reform was decades overdue. "Our real problem," said one of Malta's young Ministers, "is simply that there are too many of us. Just imagine over 300,000 people living here when the Grand Masters reckoned that 30,000 were too many." (What the Grand Masters did and said crops up everywhere you go in Malta.) "If we could build more houses, bring out more water from under the rocks and entice a few more productive industries to give us work, some of us wouldn't be going grey quite as fast. But there'd still be too many Maltese in Malta. No community the size of ours can absorb 8,000 babies every year, which is our rate of increase. And nobody can do anything about it—yet."

The Labour Party, which leans more than the Tower of Pisa over to the Right, has little opposition to face in the Legislative Assembly. The Party, which contains several first-class Ministers, pushes forward quietly but firmly with plans to turn paper Socialism into something that will work. The Conservative Constitutionalists, who in the golden Strickland days were all-powerful, do not now exist as a Party. They have disappeared as a political force.

The Nationalists, led by a voluble but deaf lawyer named Dr. Enricho Mizzi, look towards Italy as their spiritual home. They are openly pro-Italian, though Mizzi denies that the Nationalists are anti-British. Italy's war record, compared with Malta's own, has kept most young Maltese from joining the Party. Nevertheless, Mizzi, who was interned in Uganda during the war along with thirty other prominent Maltese, puts out a subtle line of anti-British propaganda. He would like to see the British go, Italian made compulsory in the schools, and the Maltese (or, rather, the Nationalists) in complete control, even of Defence, which under the 1947 constitution remains in British hands. "Why should we have a British Governor and give him three palaces when all he has at home is a cottage in Battersea?" he asked me.

The Nationalists are a small worry to the Government compared with money troubles. One senses that some responsible Maltese are only just beginning to be aware that self-government, even in Malta's limited form, has drawbacks as well as advantages. In a year or two they say it will be touch and go whether the Budget balances. Britain set aside £30 million to put the island on its feet, but the Maltese are at last realising that Britain cannot, and will not, subsidise the island for ever. There was deep resentment when a food subsidy of £300,000 was refused, and some of the affable Ministers, who count Britain as godfather and sugar daddy, spoke bitterly against Britain. "We would resent interference in our domestic affairs," a Minister said to me plaintively, "but to be given a little help is quite another matter!"

As a start to putting the island's finances on a more solid basis, income tax was introduced for the first time this year. The commercial classes bleated, as they were expected to do, but by British standards the tax is little more than an irritation. It does not start for a married man with two children before £11 a week. When the revenue it brings in is added to the tax on beer, spirits and cigarettes (nearly £3 million) and the profits on the national lotteries (£250,000), the Government expects to be able to pay for its social services. If it can't, the social services will be cut, for other sources of revenue are negligible.

Some time ago, when Malta's reconstruction had scarcely begun, a visiting journalist coined the phrase: "You can't eat the George Cross." That was true then, but thousands of Maltese are earning a living now by rebuilding bomb-damaged Malta. Between thirty thousand and forty thousand buildings were damaged in Malta during the war, many in and around the Three Cities, where the majority of the dockyard workers live. In the honey-coloured limestone capital of Valletta, where the scars of war show raw like open wounds, the tempo of reconstruction seems slow. But across the harbour from the capital, in the dockyard district, the young energetic Oxford Rhodes scholar, Dominic Mintoff, who is in charge of the Reconstruction Ministry, is building boldly and fast. He is short of masons and short of tools, but he is building houses. Last year the Government, with 2,000 men, put up 400 well-built tenements; private contractors, with 5,000 men, built an additional thousand houses.

The schools are going up, too, but as the Governor said when he opened the Third Session, the school problem will take time to solve. Quite apart from bomb damage to buildings, the education authorities have to cope now with the fact that 3,000 more children are ready for school than are ready to leave. In some schools both teachers and schools are so short that children have lessons in Box and Cox fashion; half attend in the morning and the other half in the afternoon.

But when the spring of reconstruction dries up, as it will after another three or four years of intensive work on houses, schools and office buildings, on road-making, slum clearing and water-pipe laying, what then?

The industrious inhabitants of this tight, barren fortress, who smile easily and retain exquisite old-world manners, are beginning to wonder. Apart from agriculture, which remains so obstinately mediæval that the Grand Masters would still understand exactly how the peasants were cultivating the crops in their fields, there is nothing for the Maltese to do. As a tourist centre, the island has possibilities, but, so far, few people have done more than night-stop there.

Emigration will help. Fifty thousand people put their names down on the Government's list, and 3,700 left last year; but shipping is a difficult problem for the Maltese as for everybody else. Most of the emigrants have gone to Australia, but Malta has eyes on colonies of its own, and would like to acquire Tripolitania. Already, overtures have been made.

"A sword," said Mr. Mintoff, as we stood and looked across the water at the solid capital towering high above the ramparts built by the Grand Masters, "a sword hangs over this island. If war ever came, we should be atomised. If war doesn't come, we shall starve. Yes, there's a sword over Malta all right—it's the old sword of Damocles."

R. JACKSON

SO THEY SAY . . .

The Labour Party conference at Blackpool last week provided the national press with an eagerly accepted opportunity to demonstrate its scrupulous accuracy and objectivity.

Choosing the Exact Word

News Chronicle, June 6:

> Aneurin Bevan [addressing a pre-conference rally] said . . . "All history proves so far that only the disciplines of oppression have been effective in building up social wealth . . ."

Daily Mail, June 6:

> ". . . all history proves so far that only the disciplines of oppression have been effective in building up Socialist wealth . . ."

Confusion Down the Line

Daily Mail, June 7, Page 1:

> Mr. Geoffrey Bing, M.P., . . . went on to remark that "the only difference in fellow-travelling between some members of the Executive and myself is that they got off a few stations earlier."

Daily Mail, June 7, Page 2:

> "The only difference between [the Executive] and 'Zilly,'" exclaimed the genial Mr. Bing, "is that they got off a few stations earlier on . . ."

By the Right—Fall Out

Daily Graphic, June 9:

> LABOUR LEADERS DIFFER
>
> Two widely different pictures of Britain under Socialism for another five-year term were painted at the Labour Party conference yesterday [by] Mr. Morrison [and] Mr. Bevan.

Daily Express, June 9:

> The striking unanimity of two speeches, one by Mr. Herbert Morrison, the other by Mr. Aneurin Bevan, show how [the election] will be fought.

Daily Telegraph, June 9:

> A CRITICAL RECEPTION
>
> The Socialist draft election programme had a somewhat qualified send-off . . Despite force-

ful speeches by Mr. Morrison and Mr. Bevan, unrepentant and critical delegates refused to remain acquiescent.

News Chronicle, June 9:

Morrison and Bevan . . . roused the conference to the highest pitch of enthusiasm since 1945. Delegates . . . cheered both Ministers for several minutes.

In Two Minds

News Chronicle, June 8:

Cripps . . . succeeded in persuading his audience . . . that, tough as it was, he was pursuing the only possible course . . . General support for his policy came from the big unions . . .

Daily Mail, June 8:

But [Cripps] failed to convince the Socialist delegates . . . And the trade unions will continue to press for more money for the lower paid workers . . .

Blackpool Rock—or Humbug?

Evening Standard, June 7th:

BIG CABINET CHANGES

Mr. Attlee has definitely decided on important changes in his Cabinet . . . It is possible that publication of the news will be followed by a denial . . . little reliance should be placed on this: it is known that the changes are fixed . . . Aneurin Bevan will be succeeded by Lord Inman . . . boss of the Hotels Executive.

From an Eye-Witness

The story of the runaway yacht *Reliance* and its two occupants kept the national papers on their toes—*vide*. And their determination, on June 5, to furnish exact details of the final wreck.

The People:

When the ketch struck, they . . . inflated the dinghy, paddled towards the shore.

Sunday Express:

"We . . . got into the float . . ."

Sunday Pictorial:

"We . . . got on to a raft . . ."

Sunday Graphic:

. . . they took to a punt . . .

AUTOLYCUS

THOUGHTS ON THE PRESENT DISCORDS

[In our issue of March 19th, Mr. Raymond Mortimer considered the present relations between painting, criticism and the public. This week Mr. Shawe-Taylor discusses similar problems in Music; and we hope to follow this with articles on Poetry by Mr. Louis MacNeice and on Architecture by Mr. J. M. Richards.]

DOES modern music seem as bewildering to the intelligent amateur as modern painting? Not quite, I fancy; one reason being that a gulf separates the quantitative experiences of listener and "spectator." The spectator, as Mr. Mortimer pointed out in his recent article, sees far too little painting in the year; the listener hears far too much. It would be more exact to say that he overhears too much; still, the fact that musical compositions of all styles and periods are constantly flowing past his ears has induced a certain immunity from shock. Demonstrations of hostility, such as attended certain Schönberg and Stravinsky *premières*, probably belong to the pre-radio epoch; whereas the passions aroused by Klee, Picasso or Henry Moore, though they may no longer lead to fisticuffs or outbursts of tarring-and-feathering, can always be guaranteed to provoke an abusive correspondence in the press.

If tempers are now cooler in the concert hall than in the art gallery, there is another and more important reason. In the world of music, one great bone of contention is absent. The whole question of "representation," of realistic treatment of subject matter, which dominates every unsophisticated discussion of painting (often to the exclusion of everything else), is in music only a side-issue: the battle between Absolute Music and Programme Music, passionately fought out half a century ago, is now a dead letter. Even in its heyday, this debate often masked deeper disagreements. People who took a strong line about the sheep and the windmill in *Don Quixote*, or the squalling baby in the *Sinfonia Domestica*, were frequently vexed, not by the representationalism of the music, but by the music itself: the novelty of the harmony, the degree of unprepared dissonance. Similarly today, not every complaint should be taken at its face value. The objection, for instance, that modern music makes such a din, refers more often to harmonic obscurity than to actual intensity of volume. Nevertheless, an element of truth is concealed in this vague complaint about loudness: the identical dissonances which shock when played loudly and distinctly, can glide past, causing no more than an agreeable sense of mystification, in a delicately spaced out orchestral *pianissimo*. It was thus that *L'Après-midi d'un faune* and the gentle eclogues of Delius slipped so quickly past the barrier; and it is thus that Alban Berg's hypersensitive scoring makes even *Wozzeck* so much more palatable than a Bartók quartet of the middle period. Orchestration can act as a kind of water-softener for hard harmony.

Difficult harmony is decidedly one of the two principal stumbling-blocks in the way of modern music. The crux of the matter is the degree of dissonance which the listener can recognise as normal. Only the naive employ the word "discord" as a term of abuse; the simplest hymn-tune contains many discords, and ever since the combination of sounds was first practised, the frontiers of acceptable dissonance have been steadily extended. Between composer and audience there is often a small time-lag; some of the works of Beethoven, of Wagner, or of Debussy sounded at first puzzling and even rebarbative, but seldom for very long. The evident pointfulness, the confident power of the new music soon imposed on listeners each successive extension of the current harmonic idiom; so that people who for years had thought of Wood Green (so to speak) as the extreme limit of the harmomic world, found themselves travelling daily to Cockfosters, and none the worse for the experience.

But music which wholly abandons the old system of tonality poses quite a new problem; it represents, not a further harmonic development, but a revolution. Atonalism does more than extend the limits of previous harmony; it destroys the whole basis of harmonic perspective. In theory, no doubt, the traveller is presented by the atonalists with an infinite series of tube-stations stretching beyond Cockfosters into glorious open country; in practice, the poor fellow has lost his bearings and can no longer say whether he is approaching Piccadilly Circus or receding from it: in the old phrase, he doesn't know whether he is coming or going. Often the critic, though of course he is far too wily to admit it, feels quite as lost as the plain concert-goer. As for the famous twelve-tone system, it is a somewhat pedantic and arbitrary attempt to reimpose order on the passing flux, but it seems to work only at the composer's end; no one has yet succeeded in so manipulating it as to provide a logical framework for the listener's sensations and emotions. Hence the fact that music which abandons tonality has seldom made much impact on a wide public, except when, as in *Wozzeck*, it is associated with words and stage action which supply the missing clue; hence too, no doubt, Berg's marked tendency in that opera to edge his way ever closer towards tonality as the emotional climax of the action approaches.

The second main objection to contemporary music, the charge of tunelessness, ought not to be dismissed as merely unintelligent: it is not enough to say that the tunes are there, and that in twenty years' time everyone will recognise them. I am thinking now of the intelligent listener who greatly enjoys Beethoven and Brahms, is getting a little tired of over-plugged Tchaikovsky, and can take the more familiar specimens of Debussy, Strauss and Sibelius. Such a listener knows well enough that tune plays a subordinate role in symphonic composition; he sees that one cannot construct a symphonic movement simply by laying a large number of tunes end to end; he may perhaps concede that his adored Beethoven was inferior, as a melodist, to Schubert. Still, in all these composers, the scraps of quickly recognisable, singable tune are, so to speak, the handles by which the amateur expects in due course to grasp the whole movement; they are the thread without which he can never hope to penetrate the labyrinth. In much modern symphonic music, from late Sibelius onwards, he misses the thread and feels hopelessly lost.

Very often, the impression of tunelessness is dispelled by familiarity: for example, William Walton's Symphony is built out of thematic germs which a listener may completely miss at a first hearing, but will eventually find himself whistling. But there is another sense in which modern music can more justifiably be indicted as tuneless. The habit of writing long expressive *cantilena* melodies, whether in a song, an opera, or a symphonic adagio, has fallen into abeyance. Of course, examples can still be found. There is a long and beautiful tune in the slow movement of Michael Tippett's *Double String Concerto*, but in its context it is surprising, and some have even found it incongruous. In each of Benjamin Britten's operas there are haunting snatches of singable melody, but all too soon they stop. Among contemporary composers there seems to be a general agreement that, whatever else the listener may do, he must never be allowed to bask in the sunshine—and, if we may judge from the speed at which the great cantilenas of the past are now frequently performed, our conductors and singers hold a similar view. This sad denial of the lyrical impulse must be ascribed in part to the puritanism of our time, and in part to the fact that composers have outgrown the taste for one type of melody without acquiring the capacity to invent a thoroughly satisfactory new type.

By "a good tune" the plain listener means a tune that he can quickly learn to whistle: nine times out of ten, a strophic tune, with phrases which balance one another like the lines in a quatrain of *John Gilpin*. A hundred years ago, composers had begun to feel that the possibilities of strophic melody had been exhausted by Mozart and Schubert. "Just what I have always maintained," replies the cynic; "composers no longer write tunes, because they can't think of such good ones." But that is putting it too simply. In the development of all the arts, there seems to be a law which decrees that no sooner is one type of expression perfected than the artist recoils from the resulting satisfaction in search of fresh discoveries and fresh adventures. I cannot believe this constant demand

for change to be, as Marxist theorists would hold, merely the result of economic and social conditions (important though their influence must always be); I believe that in the Western world the desire for novelty is a deep-seated law of the artistic nature; the process of stylistic change would go on, I can't help feeling, if half a dozen composers were washed up on a desert island with enough music paper to last them through twenty years. New harmonies, new types of melody, new instrumental colours: all these are in themselves fascinating. As Monteverdi said long ago: "It is always better to invent new things than to go on repeating old ones."

That seems to have been the usual feeling among European artists; but the speed at which innovations have succeeded one another, and the importance attached to originality—these are peculiar to our own times. In the past, though composers were always experimenting, some of the greatest (Bach, for instance) had a predominantly conservative cast of mind; furthermore, as in painting and literature, a few great men in each century and each country set the tone, and the majority were content to follow their example as able practitioners of a craft. Now, what every composer most fears is to be told that he has nothing new to say; and I fear that the critics must share the blame for this unhealthy state of affairs. There is another respect in which modern critics are vulnerable: they are more inclined to overpraise than to underpraise. They do this partly from fear of repeating the often quoted (in point of fact, over-quoted and unrepresentative) absurdities of their predecessors; partly because, with good reason, they have lost confidence in the validity of the old canons and rules; and partly because of the general decline (outside politics) in intellectual combativeness. Flattering though it would be to ascribe this last trait to improved manners and gentler natures, I fear that it is in fact a by-product of the general decline in intellectual vitality.

Mr. Mortimer finds the level of painting to have declined since 1914; so, I fear, has the level of music. But could it have been otherwise? If we want great art and great music, we must offer our composers and artists the certainty, for many years, of peace, security and patronage. In the absence of any one of these things, the wonder is, not that masterpieces should be scarce, but that a few pictures can still be painted, a few symphonies still composed, which are almost as beautiful and consoling as though this were not an Atomic, but a Golden Age.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO

From "The New Statesman" of June, 1924

Democracy's Basis

The defeat of General Smuts in the South African elections has been received both in Cape Town and in London with rather more dismay perhaps than is necessary. . . . All democracies get tired of hearing Aristides called The Just; and their instinct is right, for occasional changes of leadership are indispensable to the normal and effective operation of popular government.

Those Foreigners

Cannes is now one of the dullest places on a very dull earth. In the season, the principal hotels are full of very fat, very ugly, and very vulgar quasi-respectable people of an age averaging between 55 and 65. After 65, in the benevolent course of nature, they die of overeating. . . . Nice and Monte are slightly more entertaining, but both are overrun by illiterate vulgarians. [*Advt.*]

ROUND-ABOUT ECONOMICS

(By a Correspondent)

FAIRS for most people mean a hurly-burly of gaudy paintwork and cheerful blare. How disappointing therefore to find that the Giant Whip, the Chairaplanes and the Ghost Train are subject to the same trends of economic development as, say, the utilitarian boot and shoe industry. In fairs, as in many other industries, increasing mechanisation is fighting a winning battle against tradition. The big machines—dodgems and high-speed electric round-abouts—are proving a far greater draw than the old-fashioned steam merry-go-round, with sedate horses never reaching more than a canter. Elaborate mechanical equipment involves high capital and maintenance costs; and this in turn leads to capital concentration in the hands of a few big family concerns and the gradual squeezing out of the small independent master showmen. Even before the war a big round-about cost around £2,500; today, with prices roughly trebled, such a machine is quite beyond the means of the small stallholder. Fortunately round-abouts are built to last: since 1936, few have had to be made.

The increase in quantity and complexity of fair-ground machinery entails a corresponding increase in the number of hired hands. About eight men are required to deal with a large round-about at a weekly wage of £4 to £4 10s. each. Also, whereas showmen in the old days reckoned to be able to put up a round-about in 2-3 hours, now at least a day is required, when account is taken of all the problems of electric power supply. Yet, despite all these increased cost factors, the larger concerns seem to prosper. When asked how much one of his round-abouts earned over the Easter week-end, the owner of one of the big family concerns shook his head, grinning: "Oh no, I have enough trouble with the income tax as it is." For the stallholder or small side-show proprietor there is probably less trouble with income tax. He cannot reckon on much more than £100 gross over a Bank Holiday. Against this must be set labour costs, ground rent, cost of road licences and expenditure on prizes.

Notwithstanding the increasing power of the bigger concerns, an alliance does exist between them and the individual stallholders, similar to that between a hippopotamus and its satellite tick-birds. The stallholder knows that the large mechanised machines draw the crowds, so he follows them around from fair to fair for the "pickings." Each separate stall, round-about or side-show has its own personal itinerary which rarely varies from year to year. The showman travels his individual circuit, dictated mainly by the dates of annual fairs; but, apart from purely business considerations, the circuits are usually arranged to fit in with family ties—brothers, sisters, fathers, mothers try to arrange to meet at least once every season. Sometimes they travel together, and you may find three generations of the same family of palmists at the same fair.

All showmen have one enemy in common—the weather; it militates against the individual stallholder, who simply has to take his chance wherever he happens to be. With the bigger firms the risk is spread. While one of their round-abouts may be deluged by rain in the West country, the sun may be shining on their dodgems at Hampstead Heath. The season lasts roughly from Easter until October—with a brief return to life at Christmas. During the winter months gear is overhauled, refitted and repainted by the small number of firms who specialise in fair-ground equipment. After the winter "rest-up," the first stand of the year has a little of the excitement and flavour of a theatrical first night.

The right to hold a fair is not vested in the showmen but in the townsfolk; most fairs were originally started to attract people to certain places for the benefit of local trade. For example, the real business of the Stratford "Mop" fair was the choosing of maids, who stood with their mops at the ready while housewives took their pick. A fortnight later came the "Run-away Mops" fair, when those servants who had not approved of their new employers ran away and came up for a second try. The fair was started to entice people to look over the girls should their own charms be an insufficient attraction. Today, few townspeople realise that the charter to hold the fair is theirs. Indeed, some of the sites where big annual fairs are held now actually belong to the big concerns, and the rents paid by other showmen make a useful contribution to their annual takings. Other fair-ground sites are owned by county councils, who in some cases derive a substantial revenue from this "barely respectable source."

Because of the unvarying nature of the annual circuits, each showman knows his own site on any fair ground down to a matter of inches. The apparently haphazard arrangement of caravans and booths follows a plan carefully calculated to bring the maximum amount of business to all. Inevitably some sites are less lucrative than others—the result, in some instances, of intervention of outside authorities. For example, the local authority may insist that a lane must be left between stalls as a fire precaution. Showmen, understanding the sheeplike mentality of fair-goers, know that the resulting wide space will ruin business for the booths on either side of the gap. So the matter is taken up for them by their organisation, "The Showmen's Guild," which represents ninety nine per cent. of master showmen in this country. The Guild not only fights battles for its members but exercises strict control over them. (Showmen may be fined as much as £200 for usurping a fellow member's site.) It also runs a benevolent fund from which sums are distributed to members hit by one of the many hazards to which the business is subject. Fearing an overcrowded profession, the Guild has closed its membership to all but the children and families of present members.

The hired hands, on the other hand, are virtually unorganised; and, as the work is hard, the hours long and the pay modest, the industry has a large labour turnover. As for safety regulations, they appear to be non-existent. Sometimes the unguarded driving belt of a round-about protrudes through the floor of the fixed centre platform, where the attendants who collect the fare money officiate. Electrically driven contrivances in a fair work at the safe voltage of 110 volts—which might give one a nasty jar but is never lethal. Still, the work is dirty, hot and hectic, and the hours as long as business requires. In this scattered, migratory business, the problem of organising fairground workers is difficult. But it is a problem which will have to be overcome if conditions are to be improved, and if the industry is to hold a stable labour force again, and not be at the mercy of the "casuals." For the stallholder, however, the hard work and uncertain money are balanced by the illusion of freedom that a life on the roads gives. Among even the wealthiest of master showmen the patriarchal tradition still prevails; with enormous *panache* they roll up their sleeves and heave, sweat and

swear beside their men when there is work to be done.

Finally, the fair-going public. Has that changed at all? The broad answer must be "No." The lure of noise, speed and colour seems as irresistible as ever. But a new development in fair crowd psychology is what can only be termed the "football pool" mentality. Crowds, four and five deep, press round booths where, suspended from the roof, gaily coloured figures—giant fish, peacocks, aeroplanes, St. Georges tilting at dragons, and spouting scarlet and yellow electric bulbs like porcupine quills—perpetually revolve. As the figures, driven by two small second-hand fans, whirl round, they cause lights to flicker up and down lists of names. If you have purchased a ticket bearing the two names on which the lights finally rest, you may choose a prize from the huge pile of sumptuous objects heaped on the table under these gaudy acolytes of the God of Chance. On the periphery of the ground, you may find side-shows where skill as well as luck is required to win no less glittering prizes. These stalls are practically deserted. People can no longer be bothered to shoot at revolving ducks or knock-down rabbits. They prefer to stand holding bits of paper, while electricity does the work.

Many changes will doubtless take place in the industry, but Heaven forfend that the cheerful gaudy hotch-potch bustle of fairs should ever be tidied by the icy, precise hand of the town and country planner. It would be a drearier world without the robust warmth of show people. Let us hope that future generations of the breed will be there when round-abouts and dodgems are atomically driven.

LETTERS FROM TWO ISLANDS

Isle of Wight

. . . I am sending you David Low's *Years of Wrath*, in which he has given us our history from 1932 to 1945 in terms of his cartoons, with his own commentary. Perhaps because of the immediate and powerful impact of these superb drawings, I have found this book more disturbing than any ordinary contemporary history, as I believe you will, too. In these adroit balances of black and white, the gigantic folly of our age reveals itself nakedly and without shame. Low's insight is extraordinary. Consider his caricatures of the leading figures of this tragic farce. In a few strokes he contrives to make a searching historical comment. And he seems to me always to have been right.

For example, his Mussolini. It was easy after 1940 to see Mussolini as a posturing charlatan, a pantomime giant, with more than suggestion of the comic opera brigand about him. But there is all this in Low's drawings of Mussolini back in the earlier Thirties, when Mussolini was taken very seriously indeed. And by some surprising people, too. I remember once arguing throughout a lunch with H. G. Wells about Mussolini. Wells had declared that Mussolini was a greater man than Napoleon. Now I shared H. G.'s dislike of Napoleon, who must be held responsible for many of the dirtier devices of our modern civilisation, but I said at once that you could cut several Mussolinis out of Napoleon, and there would still be some formidable human stuff left over; and we argued away until the coffee came. Low's pencil, wiggling a kind of silliness and fundamental weakness into that deliberately brutal head, from the first made the point better than I could have done. And look at his Ribbentrop, a pompous muddler from the very first sketch of him; at his Goebbels, infinitely more dangerous, the malevolent troll; or at the cruelty that lurks behind the false bonhomie of his Goering. Our politicians, instead of reading long, dull and misleading reports, should have stared hard at these drawings. The best of them seem to me works of genius.

And what a strange thing it is, this genius! I have known David Low for years. He is a pleasant and easy companion, with much shrewdness and dry humour in his talk. But the genius of these cartoons is elsewhere. When he goes to his studio, brooding over the current scene, and when he gazes at the paper that he has to cover with a bold composition that must survive the rough handling of newspaper printing, some mysterious transformation and enlargement of personality must take place. As a craftsman he is patient and conscientious; but, nevertheless, I suspect there must be some short-circuiting between his Unconscious and the pen or pencil in his hand. Hence the extraordinary insight of many of these drawings, which tell us more than he himself could have told us in words. It does not always work, of course; and, backed by a formidable gang of family and friends, I am prepared to say that it was not working when, a few years ago, he did a drawing of me. But his *Years of Wrath*, as you will discover, is a triumph.

What regularly happens on the ferry boat between Portsmouth Harbour and Ryde Pier seems to me symptomatic of what is happening all over the world. First, the behaviour of the passengers. When the holiday crowds are crossing, so many of them rush to one side to be off first that the ferry boat lists badly and so must be much harder to steer properly. If they were all less eager and a little less like sheep, they might, in fact, be off the boat all the earlier. Secondly, the behaviour of the officials. We are not provided with enough gangways, and those we have are very narrow, making it difficult to pass along them quickly, especially when one is carrying luggage. But loud voices, sometimes coming out of loud-speakers, bellow at us to "Come along! Hurry along!" as if it were our fault that the arrangements to transfer us from ship to pier were inadequate. And I think something like this happens in many other places besides Ryde Pier.

And isn't it time some people recognised that the human ear is a delicate instrument, easily outraged, together with the mind that uses it? These monstrous inhuman voices bullying us through loud-speakers everywhere seem to me intolerable. Men are regularly sent to prison for committing offences that I for one could more easily tolerate. Nobody has the right to batter our eardrums in this fashion. At times it is as if gigantic mechanical hands banged us on the back. I should like to organise a campaign against any candidate who made use of loud-speaker vans, condemning him as a barbarian not fit to represent anybody. We like to think that the world is now divided into Communist and anti-Communist zones. But this noise idiocy has conquered both East and West. Blaring loud-speakers have kept me awake both in America and Russia. Perhaps there is, after all, some significance in this image of an iron curtain, because whatever else an iron curtain may be, it is bound to be fiendishly noisy.

Do I do too much *scolding*? A correspondent, who says I used to be a nice jolly chap, suggests I do. I should say that I grumble rather than scold. And I have this excuse, that mine is at least genuine disinterested grumbling, the honest and truthful response of one man towards the world, at a time when so much scolding and grumbling and denouncing is faked, part of a propaganda campaign either to keep one set of chaps in power or to turn them out in favour of another set of chaps who could do with more power. And somebody ought to do a bit of disinterested grumbling, not designed, in my case, to give authors more money, privilege, larger motor cars.

If I had used the word *alibi* instead of *excuse* above, and the purists had seen it, what a fuss some of them would have made! But I am rather tired of being told that *alibi* does not mean *excuse*. In this use of words, I belong to Humpty-Dumpty's party. We can make our words mean whatever we decide they shall mean. If a lot of us decide that a certain kind of excuse shall be called an *alibi*, then there is no point in any purist thumping his dictionary, if only because the next edition of that dictionary, if it is a good one, will have to admit that *alibi* is not only a legal term but also defines a certain type of excuse, a rather pedantic, anxious but slightly shady kind of excuse. I imagine that *alibi* was first used in this sense not by an ignoramus but by a wit, and that it is almost common usage now because people found they needed the term. *Face up to* is messy, and no favourite of mine, but it is absurd to declare, as the purists do, that it is merely a sloppy way of saying *face*. To *face up to* opposition is not merely to face it but to face it in a special kind of way. Any one of us might have to face a tiger, but few of us could successfully face up to a tiger. But this does not mean that unnecessary prepositions are not finding their way into our common usage. They are, in fact, our greatest import from America, together with a peculiarly nauseating type of popular song that I hate to hear our youngsters singing.

There is much talk here now of removing the five-shilling limit on the cost of meals in restaurants and clubs. This limit never did apply to the more expensive West End hotels and restaurants, which have been allowed to add house charges, bringing the cost of dinner, without drinks, up to twelve-and-sixpence. It is argued that tourists do not understand these arrangements. But I have long thought we had equally strong arguments ourselves against this limitation. Thus, as usual, the maximum becomes the minimum. A man who may want only one course (but good) finds that he still has to pay for three courses, all rather bad. Again, caterers are not encouraged to be enterprising. (I should like to see some restaurants that specialised on one magnificent dish, varying it day by day, but offering nothing else and thereby saving money and time.) Again, many restaurants under this limitation do everything possible short of sheer hypnosis to compel their patrons to spend heavily on drink, with wine lists that are monuments of impudence. Actually, there is plenty of good French wine to be obtained now from wine merchants at not unreasonable prices; but anybody looking at many restaurant wine lists would imagine that the war was still on and France still occupied by the Nazis.

Somebody told me the other day that you can buy better French brandy in England now than you can find in France. And I am certain you can buy more and better Scotch whisky and tweeds in Los Angeles, where you do not really need them, than you can in Edinburgh, where your need for such warming liquor and stout covering is most urgent. In the world of

economics all this wild exporting may be sensible, but in the more important world of sensible human living it is blank idiocy. What has been produced for a long time in any region generally represents the fulfilment of some important need there, and therefore only any surplus of it, not the bulk of it, should be shipped abroad. Sane trading can only be the exchange of surpluses. And if economists cannot see this, they should be locked up and fed on bread and water (and not even local bread and water) until they do. You will probably retort that this is strange doctrine from an Englishman, condemned to an Export or Perish policy. I agree. But then I do not believe in our Export or Perish policy, except as a desperate makeshift, and I am waiting for some statement, even if it were only the merest sketch, of a possible long-term policy for this country. I am even prepared to cheer any politician who will stand up and say: "I don't know, and I'm worried." J. B. PRIESTLEY

The Arts and Entertainment

LONDON MUSIC

TWENTY-EIGHT concerts in twenty-seven days, with a good deal of travelling in between, is more than ought to be demanded of any artist; and it says much for the resilience of the Philadelphia Orchestra that they sounded so fresh at the Albert Hall last Friday, towards the end of their gruelling month. For more than twenty years this has been the champion gramophone orchestra; and there was much natural curiosity to hear "the real thing." Neither at Harringay nor at the Albert Hall, unfortunately, can the listener fully trust the evidence of his ears: balance is precarious, and the immediate tonal impact is sadly dissipated. But enough remained to prove this orchestra one of the world's wonders. Its most striking virtue is still, as always, sheer tone: a smooth, solid, gleaming, homogeneous mass of sound which can rise to an "all-out" *fortissimo* without any coarsening of timbre. Particularly remarkable are the lustre of the strings, the security of the horns playing in soft four-part harmony, and the distinguished style of the first oboe, who draws a straight line free from the exaggerated poetic *vibrato* of the English oboeist.

Next to their tone must be set a formidable precision of bowing and tonguing. This high surface polish, which is the great American orchestral virtue, is sometimes obtained at the expense of spontaneity and ease; and it is noticeable that few of the great American conductors have excelled in Mozart. Mr. Eugene Ormandy is no exception; he is evidently a great orchestral trainer, but in his handling of Mozart, and to some extent in his playing of Johann Strauss too, we felt more of the ring-master than was quite comfortable: life in Vienna was never lived at quite so high a tension. In a complex modern score like Hindemith's *Mathis der Maler* Mr. Ormandy shows himself careful as well as brilliant; and in Stravinsky's *Fire-Bird* suite he came fully into his own. This is music for a virtuoso orchestra, and it received from the Philadelphians an electrifying performance.

The Elgar Festival is too large a subject for these fugitive notes, but I must record the great pleasure given by Jascha Heifetz's immaculate performance of the Violin Concerto. Some listeners found his approach too cool, but coolness can occasionally be a virtue. This lovely score, packed to overflowing with passionate sentiment, can easily run too high a temperature; Heifetz's gentle style and transparent tone saved it from the danger of excess.

Since Mme Wanda Landowska, London has heard no harpsichordist superior to the American, Mr. Ralph Kirkpatrick. His recent Scarlatti recital contained none of the more familiar sonatas; but with each in turn he captivated the audience, revealing this composer as the most various and most inventive miniaturist in the history of music. DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

THE TREASURES FROM VIENNA

IT was perhaps natural to give our first attention to the pictures from Vienna, now on show at the Tate, for such a profusion of Titians and Tintorettos and Rubenses does not lie every day on our doorstep. Yet it is just possible to envisage another exhibition of "Old Masters" no less important—if for instance the splendours of the Venetian Accademia or the Prado were to take wings towards us. On the other hand, never again in our lifetime, in this country, are we likely to see *objects* of such fantastic magnificence as the armour, the Cellini salt-cellar, the vessels of crystal, onyx, blood-stone, jade, emerald, agate, jasper, smoke-quartz, amethyst or lapis, or the richly mounted bezoars and narwhal-horns, which have accompanied the pictures from the Kunsthistorisches Museum.

They are, in the main, a monument to the acquisitive passion of two Royal houses—the Dukes of Burgundy and their Habsburg devourers. Charles V, and almost every Emperor after him for the next two centuries, the Archdukes Ferdinand and Leopold William—they all had taste, good, middling, or sometimes almost Wagnerian in its horror; their agents ransacked Europe or "searched all corners of the new-found world for princely delicates." But for me at least the dominant collector of this hoard, the queerest fish among these eccentric patrons, is the Emperor Rudolf II (1552-1612) whose clockwork celestial globe greets you at the very entrance.

Rudolf II was one of the most mysterious figures of the Renaissance. Erudite, suspicious, sensitive yet cruel, the patron of Tycho Brahe and the sinister Dr. Dee, he is said like Justinian to have been haunted by a devil with whom he could be heard arguing down the corridors of his palace in Prague far into the night. Certainly before the war you could still see in a glen outside Prague the cottages in which he housed his train of magicians; a number of the objects now on show at Millbank—notably the cups made from bezoar stones out of the bellies of rhinoceros or of camels (No. 402), or from a narwhal-horn exquisitely mounted in an enamel predominantly white (No. 401), were guards against poison; and the bronze bust of him by the Flemish Adriaen de Vries shows behind the officially imperial demeanour just that element of unease which we might have expected (No. 270).

Rudolf lived in apprehensive seclusion, in a manner more befitting some intelligent but effete Abbasid Caliph than the first monarch of Christendom; and it is, I believe, no mere coincidence that the Imperial Court Workshop which he founded should have turned out objects whose closest affinity seems to lie with contemporary Moghul art. Take for instance the bowl and cover of prasem (No. 414) caught in a net of gold, and tricked out with garnets and a handle of smoke-quartz. Its sparkling elegance seems to have little truck with Europe; rather does it evoke the world, let us say, of Shah Jehan; a similar feeling is transmitted from the objects in onyx and bloodstone (heliotrope, as the catalogue rather daintily calls that enchanting substance). Of course, it is hard to say when there have been no "chinoiseries"; one suspects that the artistic intercourse between Europe—particularly the Danube valley—and the Indies was extensive long before the age of Louis XIV; moreover most of the hard-stones used in these Viennese objects are of exotic origin, only rock crystal and agate being native to Germany or the Alps. The whole problem remains, however, in obscurity for lack of precise data. Meanwhile, let us enjoy the sparkle of these exquisite toys themselves in the early summer's sunlight, the feeling of fabulous luxury and gaiety engendered, for instance, by the oil vessel cut from an emerald of no less than 2680 carats, set in gold, and adorned with garlands of flowers under translucent green enamel (No. 438), or the jug of enamelled gold, studded with rubies and furbished with enamelled fruit garlands and angels' heads (No. 389) in which Jordan water for the Habsburg christenings was carried. Here and there is, too, that element of caprice and curiosity, superb quality spilling over into bad taste, which breathes the very essence of "humanism" and which, therefore, the historian must find enthralling: the suspicion that one may find a pickled mermaid floating behind some Augsburg astrolabe: the fanciful conceit of the gold bear with a gun, encrusted with jewels, and hiding most of its riches under a somewhat worn musquash cover (No. 358): the Seychelle palm nut purchased by Rudolf for 4,000 gulden from a Dutch admiral (who in turn had got it from the Prince of Bantam) and set by an ingenious Augsburg smith into a silver-gilt marine composition of most elaborate ugliness (No. 338): or the Burgundian "unicorn-sword" (No. 344). Here the choice of material seems particularly appropriate, for the narwhal whale or "sea-unicorn" from which the richly encrusted hilt and scabbard are made is fond, it would seem, of using its solitary tusk playfully to cross swords with its fellows.

I have no space to mention the tapestries or church vestments; or the armours; for the bronzes I can do no more than draw attention to the lovely "Astronomy" of Giambologna (No. 228) while one is, on the whole, filled by respect if not by entirely uninhibited pleasure at the sight of Cellini's famous salt-cellar (No. 527). Certainly a very expensive and competent piece of work, the sort of object before which one starts guessing how much it would have cost to-day . . . I cannot however end without drawing attention to the small section devoted to Greek and Roman antiquities, and in particular to a marble bust of Eutropius of Ephesus—a useful if workaday historian of the late 4th century (No. 305). Here, in this tart accomplished portrait we find fully borne out the theory that the shape of men's heads changed as the Empire broke up. Eutropius's pate belongs to the Gothic world: our skulls are nearer in shape than his to those of the Augustan Age. How soon will they grow round and narrow, become the tubular skulls of Chaos?

SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH

THE MOVIES

"Key Largo," at Warner's
"The Lady Gambles," at the Tivoli

The trouble with *Key Largo* is that we've had it before—and much better—in *Petrified Forest*. Change of scene: instead of petrol pumps and forest a sub-tropical peninsula and an hotel, with a hurricane on the way. Mr. Bogart is there, of course, but not as a hold-up man this time, having changed sides so as to accommodate that even more vintage gangster, Mr. Edward G. Robinson. Mr. Robinson, who has bought up the hotel for a fortnight, lolls in his bath smoking a cigar. But as soon as Mr. Bogart arrives, he puts on his dressing-gown, comes downstairs, shuts all the doors and, having revealed himself as the Great Rocco, prowls up and down with a gun provoking the select company. He gets Miss Bacall to scratch him and lures Mr. Lionel Barrymore out of his invalid chair. Then the hurricane arrives, so that windows and shutters have to be sealed, too. This is the hold-up definitive. Why doesn't it thrill a little more? Well, for one thing it all seems to have happened long, long ago in the heroic heyday.

And that, despite the fact that the war has intervened, a war fought apparently by Mr. Bogart to make the land unsafe for gangsters. Yet when Mr. Bogart gets the chance to shoot Mr. Robinson, at the cost of his own life, he doesn't seize it: and for a while everyone shrinks from him,

GANYMED
facsimiles

The birth of Ganymed London

Two years ago the directors of The Statesman & Nation Publishing Co. Ltd. and of Messrs. Percy Lund, Humphries & Co. Ltd. decided jointly to found a colour-collotype printing works in England to reproduce limited editions of facsimile pictures.

They had in mind those remarkable pre-war portfolios issued through the Marées Society, and were fortunate, from the outset, in obtaining the advice and enthusiastic collaboration of Herr Bruno Deja, head of the Ganymed Press, Berlin, who, with the late Julius Meier-Graefe, produced the Marées portfolios.

The exact methods used by Ganymed Berlin are now being meticulously followed at Yeading, near Hayes, Middlesex, where precisely similar machines to those used in Germany before the war have been installed, along with other specially designed equipment. The carefully selected staff is mainly British, but includes certain German members trained originally in the Berlin Ganymed works.

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Colour-collotype is a screenless, photographic process. Colour separations are made and the negatives retouched to bridge the gap between the camera and the original. After 'printing-down' on gelatined-surfaced plates, treated to obtain a fine graining, complete colour proofs are taken, and this process is repeated from the camera stage, the retoucher between each proof bringing his negatives nearer and nearer until he reaches absolute fidelity in the final proof. The limited edition is then 'run off,' each colour separately, on machines designed for perfect registration and rigidity. Humidity and temperature control enter very much into this process.

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Ganymed plans to reproduce and publish oil paintings, water colours, drawings, etc., from the public and private collections in this country; suggestions will be warmly welcomed. Detailed announcements will appear in this and other journals from time to time.

FIRST ANNOUNCEMENTS

Meanwhile Ganymed London have the honour to announce three series:
(1) The Tate Gallery Series; (2) Lund Humphries: 'Contemporary Sculptors' Drawings'; (3) The British Council Series.

The Tate Gallery Series

Beatrice addressing Dante from the Car	William Blake
Fire at the Houses of Parliament	J. M. W. Turner
The Bright Cloud	Samuel Palmer
Horses under a Shed	Gainsborough
The Four Queens	David Jones
Pink and Green Sleepers	Henry Moore
Jeune Homme et Cheval	Picasso
Farm Houses	Vincent Van Gogh
Madame Lola	Degas
Mont St. Victoire	Cézanne
Young Girl's Adventure	Paul Klee
Interior	Vuillard

A Collection of Contemporary Sculptors' Drawings

Study	Auguste Rodin
Nude	Charles Despiau
Nude	Aristide Maillol
Head	Henri Laurens
Design	Jean Arp
Head	Amedeo Modigliani
Head of the Artist's Mother	Albert Giacometti
Sauvetage	Jacques Lipchitz
Personnage, Design for Sculpture	Julio Gonzales
Study for Sculpture 1939. Two Women	Henry Moore

British Council Series

Dieppe, from the heights	J. S. Cotman
The Lake and Town of Nemi	J. R. Cozens
Misty Morning on the Severn	Wilson Steer
Rainbow over the Exe	Thomas Girtin
Reclining Figure	Henry Moore

Prices

The price of a Ganymed facsimile when available separately will range from Two Guineas to Six Guineas, mounted, including purchase tax. Suitable frames will also be available.

The first twenty or so facsimiles may be seen from to-day onwards at the new Turnstile Gallery, 11 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, and the Tate Gallery series (those ready) will also be on sale at the Publication Stall, Tate Gallery, Millbank, S.W.1.

A Ganymed Society

It is intended to form a Ganymed Society, the members of which will receive advance information and have priority as subscribers for all Ganymed facsimiles and publications. Those interested are invited to write for further information to the address below, marking envelope 'Ganymed Society'.

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disgusted that a man who has fought in the war to end gangsters, etc., shouldn't immediately sacrifice himself when he comes face to face with one. I confess I don't quite understand this matter of Mr. Bogart's supposed yellow streak, which seems to me common intelligence, but, anyway, he makes up for it afterwards *without* forfeiting his life. He manages to get rid of five armed gangsters on a yacht very economically: a fitting climax. The whole situation, as you may have guessed, hardly reeks of reality. The devices, in fact, by which *Key Largo* tries to declare itself post-war only emphasise its fatal indebtedness to the Thirties.

Within these limits, thanks to good acting and good photography, *Key Largo* is an enjoyable enough thriller. John Huston's direction, making a skilled use of confined space, would give an admirable edge to character and situation if they were a little less stage-hallowed. It is a pity that we can't believe in either the returned gangster or the returned soldier; each has the prima donna's air of a positively last appearance; and it remains for Miss Claire Trevor, as a jittery moll in decline, resurrecting the joys of the speakeasy, to add the only genuinely fresh touch to gangster legend.

The Lady Gambles, an awful warning against crap, poker and "the wheel," provides a 1949 counterpart to *Ten Nights in a Bar-room*. Gambling itself, with the fervour of the new melodramatics, is proclaimed "the deep end for those with no talent for living." Miss Barbara Stanwyck (poor lost soul) starts negligently among the slot-machines and dice-throwers when her husband is away, which he nearly always is, and ends by being beaten up on a city pavement because she has introduced loaded dice. Her husband discovers her in a police hospital ward and tells us in flashbacks all about her terrible times when he wasn't there: a clairvoyant husband, it would seem. Then, with the window invitingly open, she gets out on a very high ledge over the street, and is only saved by being told in most urgent tones to jump. She declines, and when she slips instead, she is caught just in time. A pretty safe gamble this, however, that anyone who has endured the film so far would put his shirt on. Race-courses and monster dams, by the way, have been involved as well as casinos. The reason for it all, revealed in the last ten minutes, is that her mother died when she was born: had she been a foundling, goodness knows what might have happened!

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

BALLET

IT is impossible to retain any sense of perspective. On the one hand, we are asked to peer hard across an enormous stadium to discern stars like pins a hundred yards away, while at the Mercury Theatre it is possible to count the hooks and eyes on every costume. The Ballet Festival at the Empress Hall must represent a culmination in the spread of balletomania. So rife is the epidemic, only a hangar can accommodate the infected. Ballet has become one of the great outlets for mass romanticism; it is a national phenomenon. Whether it is true to say that this current dance mania is the product of two wars, I am not sure. Certainly through history disasters—the Black Death, the Plague, the Napoleonic Wars among them—have had this result.

The Festival at the Empress Hall is a happier affair than I had expected. The initial shock of this hideous bunker decked out as "a magnificent Venetian garden" is appalling. (Anyway, why Venice? There are virtually no gardens there; this bridge of *trompe-l'œil* crazy paving and a pool set with waterlilies and rockery is more like Surrey.) But if you can bring yourself to accept the setting, the display is well worth seeing. Given a better background, this might even have proved an interesting experiment, but something is needed to replace the vanished proscenium arch—something to anchor the stage and relate it to the whole structure. At present the only sort of frame is an unhappy baldaquin of arc-lights that hangs over the ballerinas, as if they were going to box. Naturally, romantic ballet suffers most from this presentation. In spite of inspired dancing by Frederick Franklin and Erik Bruhn, the magic of *Giselle* and *Spectre de la Rose* rises like smoke and disappears in the girders above. On the other hand, *Beau Danube* and the *Danses Polovtsiennes* are unimpaired. In the first of these the personality of Massine and the brilliance of Danilova fill the stadium full, as they do a theatre—but then all the performances, in so far as one can see from such a distance, are good; and the principals of the Metropolitan Ballet shine quite as brightly as do the guest stars who assist them.

At the other end of the scale we have the Ballet Rambert. After a triumphant year in Australia, they have returned to their home, the Mercury Theatre, for an extended season. The company is depleted—one misses Sally Gilmour in particular—but new dancers are developing. It is the tragedy of this brilliant nursery to be constantly outgrown. Among the girls Paula Hinton is pre-eminent. The ranks of the men have yet to produce a comparable star. The company is helped by two guest artists—the invaluable Celia Franca and David Paltenghi.

With one exception their repertory is familiar. I do not find their new ballet, *Kaleidoscope*, with Brahms-Paganini music, altogether successful. Walter Gore, the choreographer and chief dancer, has tried to translate insect life into ballet terms. His lepidoptera creep up walls, flutter and cling with considerable ingenuity. The choreography is always inventive and the company dance it well, but the piece is spoilt by fey humour. Also the decor, rather like pulled crackers, is too tawdry for the small stage. Over-bright costumes and antennae'd headdresses recall the gadfly chorus in an Edwardian revue. I still prefer their old favourites, *Lady into Fox* (with Paula Hinton as a gorgeous Mrs. Tebrick), *Jardin aux Lilas*, *Czernyana* and the rest. They dance these as well as ever.

At the Savoy we have Ana Esmeralda's *Spanish Rhapsody*—a slick hotch-potch in a vaguely national idiom. It is the sort of entertainment that is served up to tourists in any glossy cabaret. Pretty girls perform fancy versions of national dances; the boys accompany them vigorously. Madame Esmeralda herself is a disappointment. Her verve is far too uncontrolled. Instead of revolving with the precision of a gyroscope, she flounders like a Disney tornado. The pervading air of vulgarity only lifts when David Moreno or Josele appear. The first is an excellent guitarist, who plays with a crisp, technical virtuosity, suffused with great lyrical quality, while Josele is a dynamic little dancer. In spite of an irritating conceit and a temporary lameness, he is as exciting as Lusillio in the Amaya Troupe. His *farucca*, like the caperings of an ecstatic monkey, sets the theatre ablaze.

JOHN RICHARDSON

RADIO NOTES

IN a week not otherwise specially memorable the most interesting and valuable listening for me was the group of programmes in the Third on Yeats. It has included readings of his poetry, a restrained, intelligent production (by Mr. Noel Iliff) of *The Countess Kathleen*, some hearty gossip and acumen from Mr. Frank O'Connor on the poet's relations with the theatre, and an ambitious word-portrait. I don't feel that the core of Yeats has been reached yet, but here were some strong and fresh nibbles. Yeats remains enigmatic. Even in the later poetry, for all its syntactic candour and plainness, it is not always possible to distinguish things felt from attitudes professed. There is a sense of limitation never totally mastered, despite magnificence—perhaps because of it. A time is approaching (indeed, these programmes seemed to herald it) when serious assessment of Yeats will be obliged to estimate the limitations, which I think were connected with his pride. The *Dublin Portrait*, which Mr. W. R. Rodgers edited, did not pretend to be a critical study in this sense.

It was anecdote, recitation, reminiscence, put together (rather as a film is put together on the cutting-room floor) from scraps of talk recorded mainly in Dublin: talk by people who had known him, among them his wife and daughter, Maud Gonne, Lennox Robinson, Sean O'Faolain, Frank O'Connor, and others known and less known. A very interesting idea—and though, at the end of the hour, I was left baffled and irritated, I did not feel inclined to blame either Mr. Rodgers or the producer, Mr. Maurice Brown. Indeed, I wonder whether Mr. Rodgers himself felt that these well-composed "shots" had succeeded in evoking that "picture of the features while . . . still warm and living in memory," which he had intended. Whether he would not agree, rather, that they forced one's attention, not on to Yeats the revealed man, but on to the character of a still-hidden riddle—so much so that this now becomes an urgent subject for fuller inquiry.

Almost one felt that none of these people had known Yeats at all. They could describe his cane, flowing hair and tie, his grand but shy manner, some distant or snobbish or alarming moments, could inform about his swimming, golf, croquet, kites, tell a story or two. But—curious and significant—it was not these "minnows of gossip," as Mr. Rodgers calls them, which gave a sense of life—no—the only thing in the *Portrait* which did that was one solitary instance of an approach to criticism, when Mr. Frank O'Connor and one or two others debated whether Yeats's "full-dress pose" and "fake Brahmanism" had hindered the effort of his later poetry to express the "reality of his own time." Here a comparison with Mr. Eliot was begun, but not developed. To me, the value of Mr. Rodgers's feature lies in the seed of that suggestion, implicit in it, that you cannot begin to understand Yeats—cannot even feel about him clearly—without first clearing this hurdle.

Here, somewhere, is the flaw, if flaw it was, in the amber of his greatness. And I think that the Third Programme could now give us something of much greater value, in the form of a discussion starting from the point where this one was broken off, not frustrating the effort towards criticism, and leaving hair, cane, tie, and all the rest, entirely out. For example, somebody (Mr. O'Connor, I think), by way of defending and illustrating Yeats's latter success, said that he was "very realistic about the death of Parnell." Certainly he was. But is there not still, in that realism about the death of Parnell, something of the drowned Irish provincialism, entangled in its own sub-sea weeds? How far, even at the end, had Yeats shaken himself free of these, so that he could breathe in our world with clear lungs? I hope that Mr. Rodgers will soon be allowed to develop this less trammelled line of inquiry, or something like it.

The Critics programme ought to take stock of itself. For the better part of two years this programme has provided one of the more pleasant regular features in the week. Lately, either the formula has become a little tired, or, novelty having worn off, the producer has failed to keep stimulus at its former pitch. I suspect that the fault is divided. The producer should undertake a freshening-up of introductory, connecting, and concluding phrases. "We begin, *as always*, with films," and "Let's get on to books!" have become noticeably depressing—to critics as well as listeners. Also, a much sharper effort should be made to ensure that each critic has acquainted himself with the subjects to be discussed. This practice has become very lax, and its omission is stultifying. In a recent week, two out of five critics had not seen the play, and no one, it seemed, had listened to the radio programmes, except the men who talked about them. Also there have been, I think, too many general subjects—Repertory, "This Modern Age" series, the Press, and the like—these tend to make the cracks into which bromides seep (e.g., "Competition's a very healthy thing"). On the critics' side, there has appeared a rather paralysing sense of "responsibility" (e.g., in the discussion on

"The Snake Pit"), swelling at its worst into awe-struck respectfulness. Remarks across a table are spoiled by all those cautious qualifyings, which accompany them legitimately on paper. There could—I think, should—be a bold bandying of vigorous opinions. One is not led to rate the intelligence of Mr. O'Connor at lower value, because, in a burst of fierce, slightly absurd, reaction, he called Rubens "an inspired doodler."

MARK OGILVIE

"Love in Albania," at the Lyric, Hammersmith

The great point about Mr. Eric Linklater's new comedy is Mr. Peter Ustinov's Albanian-American, a great tame gorilla of a sergeant in the military police. From the moment when this fearsome apparition appears at the window we are happy to chuckle at Mr. Ustinov adding devastating touch upon touch to this grand comic portrait—or to wait while the rest of the cast fill in until he lumbers into action once again. The monster is beautifully observed and acted right from the inside. Mr. Ustinov never puts an elephantine foot wrong, nor misplaces one interruptory "Say!" No overdoing it. None of that horrid consciousness of being comic which ruins many modern comedy performances. The play as a play misses being good. It develops, rather late, two excellent comic situations, and the final reconciliation between the three males, based on a community of interest in stomach ulcers, is a nice comic stroke. But it opens to too slow a start and where it is a comedy of words rather than of situations doesn't quite come off. The lines have all the air of being written by a wit, without succeeding in being funny enough. Mr. Peter Jones adds to Mr. Ustinov's performance a delightful droll characterisation of a newly successful author, compensating over-aggressive advances with sniggering withdrawals into superiority. If this character had been given a more active part the play would have been much better. Miss Brenda Bruce has to act *bébé* and speak sophisticated; the discrepancy sticks out. Mr. Robin Bailey does well as a fussy young civil servant and Miss Molly Urquhart as a rather surprisingly expensively dressed Scots maid.

"On Monday Next," at the Comedy

A provincial rep. is rehearsing its next week's offering under the handicap of Mr. Henry Kendall's temperamental direction. There are the expected types: the crinkly haired juvenile, the aspirant straight from the rectory, the scatter-brained *ingénue*, the leading heavy, the motherly old "pro." A terrible play (this is overdone) has been forced on them by the author's aunt, who is, as it happens, on the committee. The larks and high jinks that follow may easily be imagined; and the trouble (except for the very unsophisticated) is that what we may easily imagine is just exactly what follows. The intrusion of the diffident but obstinate author (Mr. Richard Goolden) adds a few fresh touches and, to fill out, there are interwoven two "serious episodes." Miss Olga Lindo is a little turret of strength throughout and all the cast contribute to an evening that is punctuated, not very heavily, with good laughs. There was material here for one act (as Mr. Rattigan knew), but Mr. Henry Kendall waltzes the piece tirelessly round, and round again, for three.

CHAPEL WRATH

Fields of camomile and clover
Wet and green as the lakes of Peru
Guarding Chapel deaths and their
Domineering graded stones padlocked
Behind a spiked iron fence. The
Jealousies and jockeying for space,
Like chessman where one move
Could shake the boards of death;
Where pawns can eliminate a queen,
Peasant, a squire's disgraceful scene.
The now sad-plighted machine lettered century
Leaving no culture of their own, but a
Metallic copy of their earlier neighbours,
Whose deep-set letters on shoulders of slate
Announced their death with the pride
Of a spirited horse.

LYNETTE ROBERTS

Correspondence

"THE SNAKE PIT"

SIR,—Articles appearing in the press censure "The Snake Pit" because the film might be upsetting to relatives, or because it is untrue of conditions over here. All reform is upsetting to those who have been blind to the facts. I have experience of one Snake Pit where until recently only paying patients could apply for release.

My daughter made an hysterical attempt on her life. As an alternative, I suppose, to bringing a criminal charge and because she was still anyway hysterical and under the influence of the drug she had taken, she was certified by the magistrate and the court doctor, who refused the opinion of the family doctor or any arrangement other than an asylum. She entered this place and lived with lunatics and was given nothing to do but speak and listen to them and brood on her feelings. She was kept awake at night by their cries and mutterings, ate in rows with them, stripped in the wash-rooms with all of them, and saw them from every window "gibbering." One of the known aspects of some lunatics is having very uncivilised or foul habits. The violence of pity, horror and disgust evoked by this scene could send anyone "mad" without being involved or trapped in it.

As a result of these conditions, and also of being herself treated as a lunatic (protestations of sanity are made by the sane and the mad alike, and this is the horrifying trap) the girl became "violent"—she tried to get out of the wash-room, away from the table. This led, of course, to being manhandled and further violence. She was then tricked into the "violent" cells, where the smell of dope is overwhelming and all the inmates are semi-conscious or raving.

When I went to visit her, I was taken to these cells without any warning as to what to expect. Two women of brutish aspect were in charge. My daughter was semi-conscious—just able to sit propped up. She only cried and moved her lips, but couldn't see me or respond. I thought she had become a "drivelling" idiot until I smelt the dope on her face. I went to the doctor. He read me out from the duty book the report of the Sister. It was the same as the report of the Sister in the cells. He had not seen the girl. During all the time she was there she did not see the same doctor twice, and no doctor I saw had ever seen her, including the head doctor. They listened to me (Dept. of Keeping Relatives Happy) and read from the duty book and spoke vaguely of future treatment. Patients had had no treatment after weeks or months because of "lack of facilities" or "because of understaffing." How was I to discover if my daughter was mad or not?

Luckily the old-fashioned method still worked. Influence and money got her out. Treated still as a dangerous lunatic and still doped, she was released to a private institution of the type mentioned by Mr. Calder. In this place she was placed under one doctor, who wouldn't even give her any treatment because he ridiculed the idea of her being insane. In a couple of weeks he let her out.

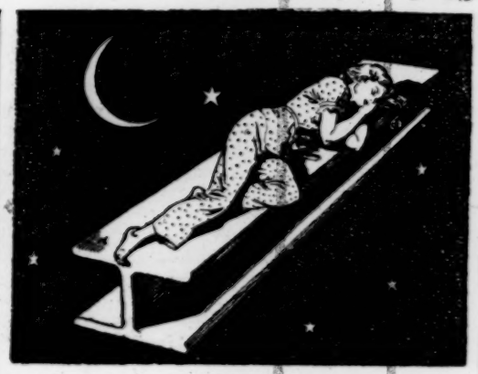
These asylums, even when re-named Mental Homes, by no euphemism can be sweet places, but these conditions are due for reform. I am grateful to the makers of "The Snake Pit" for bringing them to the light, and I hope all relatives will have the courage to face the facts and help the reform, which, if they have any real feelings at all, will also benefit them.

Essex. X.

DOCTORS AND SPONGERS

SIR,—The article in your issue of June 4, written by Dr. Cargill, not only amused me somewhat, but also amazed me by its total ignorance of the function of the ophthalmic optician in our National Health Scheme. As one who can claim association with the optical profession for nearly fifteen years, and still maintains contact through the position of representative of a large optical instrument firm, I would like the opportunity of enlightening him on certain points of which he appears totally ignorant.

First, he states that the eye-service is costing too much. Attempts have been made to support a



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case that recent prescribing of spectacles has been extravagant. My view is that recent demand is very close to the real demand, in face of the heedless generosity which the M. of H. displayed when he drafted the supplementary service. He further states that a very large number of people are getting spectacles that are unnecessary and even harmful. The only judges, of that, are not the laymen, but the opticians themselves who prescribe them, often, I might add, on the surgeon's prescription. This remark reminds me of the classic instance of the man who said his boy's glasses were no good as his mother could not see through them.

The patient needing glasses goes first to his doctor for a form, only to stop misuse of the scheme, as otherwise a certain percentage would go to more than one optician for the same glasses. Getting this initial form from his panel doctor stops this misuse, as the doctor is not likely to give the patient more than one form. The doctor, of course, cannot examine the patient's eyes, as he is not fitted to do so, this being the optician's job.

He adds that he has yet to hear of a patient who does not need at least one pair. I quite agree that in the majority of cases this is so. Before the present free scheme, many people were picking glasses out at random from the trays in cheap multiple stores, that definitely did eventual harm to them, and without the advice of a qualified optical practitioner. This may have been due to ignorance or poverty. Very few people were really eye-conscious. But now, after their possible first visit to their optician, and having had a thorough eye-examination, they are blessed with a clear vision that they never dreamt of before the scheme. The majority of people who have only recently seen their optician, should have gone many years ago.

About opticians not needing to be highly skilled. I would like to enlighten your correspondent by telling him that only fully qualified opticians are on the present scheme. (No advertising is permitted.) These same opticians study 3-4 years solely for the purpose of understanding and correcting defective vision, let alone being able to recognise all abnormal conditions of the eyes, and treatment for same. They are first and foremost sight-testing opticians. Conversely, the ophthalmic surgeon is concerned with diseases of the eyes and operational treatment for same, not with the routine of eye-testing. One does not go to a medical practitioner for an operation, or to a surgeon for a prescription for aspirins. Likewise, one does not visit an ophthalmic optician for a cataract operation, or an ophthalmic surgeon for reading or distance correction spectacles, or orthoptic treatment.

The proper task of ophthalmic opticians is not, as your correspondent writes, to be spectacle makers, although they can do that part very well, but to undertake the examination of the eyes, and the prescribing of the necessary remedy. In the training of doctors and surgeons, the subject of refraction occupies a minute part of their syllabus; in the case of ophthalmic opticians, it is one of the main subjects, together with anatomy, physiology, diseases, etc.

I trust that I have enlightened Dr. Cargill, and possibly others who have suffered similar false impressions regarding the work of the qualified ophthalmic sight-testing optician.

VIVIAN J. GROSS

Purser's, Fulwood House, Fulwood Place,
High Holborn, W.C.1.

MR. BEVAN AND THE DENTISTS

SIR,—You are quite right, the dentists are infuriated with Mr. Bevan. No less are they infuriated with the National Press, including the NEW STATESMAN. Ever since the Health Service started, the Press has consistently and persistently, and apparently deliberately, misrepresented the facts of the dental part of the scheme.

The way in which you quote the £4,800 would lead anyone to think that dentists actually have an income of that amount. It is surely known to you that the expense ratio of a dental practice is at least 50 per cent. and often more. A more reasonable figure of about £2,400 is thus seen to be nett income. But this applies to only one in five. The vast majority do not approach it. In fact the original scale of fees did provide a nett income of round about £1,778 a year for most dentists.

The decrease in the scale of fees will not be followed by any decrease in our expenses. On the contrary, the dental laboratory which makes our dentures warns us of a possible increase in their charges to meet higher wages and costs of materials. You will appreciate, therefore, that the 20 per cent. cut in fees is in reality, a 40 per cent. cut in real income.

Your talk of the "ransom" the Government has had to pay is pure nonsense. The fees were fixed by Mr. Bevan, who refused a proper investigation as to what would be reasonable scales. The very high cost could and should have been foreseen. It has arisen because of the huge demand. If dentists were to follow the example of some other workers, and "work to rule," the scheme would flop. As it is, my partner and I have a waiting list of 350 which grows daily.

The figure of "one in five" earning more than £4,800 is significant. It is only for a limited period of a dentist's professional life that he is physically capable of doing that amount of work, ten to fifteen years at most. Ours is no armchair profession, and the cost in physical energy and nervous exhaustion seems to be little appreciated. Hence the fact that there are only one-third as many dentists as are needed.

The working party set up as a result of consultation between Mr. Bevan and the Dental Societies is due to make its report within the next three weeks. It seems absolutely ridiculous not to wait that three weeks. Why impose another scale of fees, instead of negotiating an agreed one based on the working party's findings? The cost of the delay, in view of the limitations of earnings, would have been small or non-existent.

I could go on at length about the pinpricks inflicted during the day-to-day working of the scheme with its many frustrating regulations. The total effect of all this is, as you say, infuriating. The end result may well be mass resignations from the service. Not a strike—the public would still be able to buy our services.

STANLEY HORSFIELD

58, Park Lane,
Gt. Harwood, Lancs.

TIED COTTAGES

SIR,—Mr. Parson's experience of living in the country does not seem to relate in any way to the main industry carried on there.

Surely the aim of *Facing the Future* on the land is to raise productivity here, as in all other branches of the national economy, and the criterion by which to judge the tied cottage system is whether it contributes to this end or impedes it.

It is well known that one of the main weaknesses of British farming to-day is lack of rural cottages. There are simply not enough cottages, let alone good cottages, to house the agricultural workers, and this has driven thousands of men from the countryside into the towns. If the already meagre cottages belonging to the farming community are to pass out of their hands into those of men and women who do not work on the land, farming will be brought to a standstill.

The cloven hoof of so many Labour Party "reforms" appears in Mr. Parson's last paragraph. Votes, he says, will be lost if the Labour Party doesn't abolish tied cottages. What about the votes of the farmers who were beginning to believe that the Labour Government really was interested in raising home food production? What about the votes of the farm workers who can only accept jobs which can also offer them homes? Already there is agricultural unemployment in many areas where there would be work because there is no home to go to.

I suggest the best way both to get votes and to end this "offence against human dignity" is to build more rural houses. When the scramble for houses ends, the tied cottage system will cease to "offend every concept of human dignity." It is not the tied cottage but the lack of cottages, and the disgraceful condition of many of those which do exist, which offends.

Medhurst Row Farm, SHEILA NEWSOME
Edenbridge, Kent.

SIR,—Mr. Parsons in his article on tied cottages completely ignored the necessity for a certain number of farm workers to live right on the job, particularly where animal feeding and care must take place.

Few will disagree with him on the general question of the abolition of tied cottages, particularly in the instance of the railwayman and the miner, but the complete abolition of service tenancies in farming could not fail to bring about some loss of efficiency. I remember the point arising when one of the farm workers employed on the local Council's farm retired recently. There was a long argument on the Health Committee, on which I sat at that time, as to whether the employee should be asked to leave his cottage. As the case was put to us by the farm manager, it was evident that a loss of efficiency could result if the man to replace the retiring worker could not live on the job. Finally, my Labour colleagues and I agreed that his tenancy should be terminated, and that the Council should find him alternative accommodation. The matter was eventually settled in this way, to everyones satisfaction.

Like Mr. Parsons, I dislike intensely the idea of the tenancy of a house being held over a man's head in the matter of his employment. It is something that has got to go. I am quite sure, however, that the indiscriminate abolition of service tenancies is not possible. Turning over the farmers' tied cottages to the local authorities, so that they become Council houses, might be a way out. The Council would be in a reasonably good position to find alternative accommodation when there was a need, and in the vast majority of cases could be relied upon to handle the question of these tenancies impartially, which is what is really wanted.

D. F. BELLAIRS, J.P.

Haymill Cottage, 142 Windsor Lane,
Burnham, Bucks.

CHINESE MORALS

SIR,—Young Foreigner's *Open Letter to Mao Tse-tung*, while well-intentioned, may give rise to misunderstanding.

First, the impression may be created that corruption is in the Chinese blood. It would be fairer to say that corruption is the inevitable hand-maiden of exploitation in any of the historical and modern forms at all levels. Corruption becomes absolute when brutal force is brought in to keep the system

of exploitation which logically leads to rebellion and revolution. Young Foreigner would be more at ease if he considers that the thorough-going corrupt practices of the Custom officers are not only a sign of civil rebellion but they have also made himself revolt against the Kuomintang rule. The astonishing result has been that even the capitalists prefer the Communists to the Nationalists.

Secondly, morality cannot be created in a vacuum. In spite of the recurrent corrupt dynasties in China's history, we still possess one of the most highly developed ethical systems in the world. The significant point is that when morality is much on the tongue, the economic life is usually out of gear. Peasant rebellion was not uncommon in the past, but never so well-organised on such a large scale nor so firmly based on sound economic principles as the present revolution. Young Foreigner should also notice what amount of dignity and self-respect a sense of security can bring to an individual. If he should like to have any proof of this, he could go away from Shanghai and visit some of the villages where land reform has already been carried out.

Thirdly, the early Kuomintang success was due to the combined effort of all the progressive elements China then had. Its failure was due to its diametrical departure from Dr. Sun Yat-Sen's revolutionary principles, its war against the Communists, its submission to foreign and Chinese finance capital, its secret police terrorism, and its utter disregard for the people's livelihood. Herein lies the lesson: as long as you are standing for the people's interest, you are invincible. The peasants comprise 80 per cent of the Chinese population. Whoever can win their support can govern China. Leadership can be renewed, but the fundamental fact that the final decision is in the hands of the people will never change. The fear that the corrupt majority will swallow up the decent few is clearly unfounded since the majority of the Chinese people are not corrupt, but generally honest, hard-working peasants and coolies. They are the salt of the earth. Once they are again their own masters, nothing can stop China's progress which, I think, will be noticeable in a surprisingly near future.

Finally, does your young correspondent not agree that the City of Shanghai could be described as the monster child of a marriage contracted between the worst of two worlds, and that those Custom officers he portraited are but small flies compared with the gentlemanly monopolist giants? LI CHANG-FU

EXPULSION

SIR,—Mr. Crossman writes of my expulsion, after thirty years in the Party, for sticking to my election pledges on foreign policy: "The fact is that Zilliacus has behaved so stupidly that his only defenders were those of us who oppose expulsion on principle."

One comment on this was expressed at Blackpool, in a speech for which I feel the warmest gratitude, by my friend Geoffrey Bing. He and others in the Parliamentary Party, he said, had been my fellow-travellers because they agreed with most of what I said. The only difference was they had been more adroit than I in avoiding situations where they had to declare themselves, "Some would call that statesmanship, others would call it political cowardice," he concluded. "Perhaps it is a bit of both."

I admit the validity of this reasoning—up to a point. But it rests at bottom on a failure to appreciate just how serious the situation is, and where we are going. The present leadership of the Labour Party have done a "stay-in 1931" on the Party in world affairs since 1945. The economic and social consequences are beginning to catch up with us. Tying the fortunes of the Party to Bevinism means that we shall probably lose the next election. If not, we shall scrape through only to be faced by our leaders with the choice of either acquiescing in what will for all practical purposes be a coalition with the Tories, or else breaking up the Government, going down to overwhelming defeat in a further election, and impotently watching the triumphant Tories adopt boiled-shirt Fascism to hold down the workers and prepare in earnest for the third world war.

I haven't any doubt at all that that is what we are heading for, and that the only way to head it off is to fight Bevinism without bothering too much about being clever and adroit. Hugh Dalton wrote about the fate of the second Labour Government:

"Looking back, it is easy to put most of the blame for what was done or not done on the three men who occupied key positions in the Cabinet . . . and who crossed over when the crisis came . . . But all of us, I feel, must take some share of the responsibility, all Members of the Parliamentary Party, all junior Ministers outside the Cabinet and other members of the Cabinet itself. We should have kicked up more row, been less loyal to leaders and more loyal to principles."

Maybe I am stupid to remember these things and to care more about keeping faith with those who elected me to make peace than to curry favour with leaders who are drifting to war behind Mr. Churchill. But I don't think much of the political sagacity of rats who nail their colours to the mast of a sinking ship—sinking under the monstrous load of Bevinism.

London, S.W.1. K. ZILLIACUS

WHAT SHALL WE TEACH?

SIR,—Writing on the present state of the Universities, Dr. Joad suggests that Sir Walter Moberly's Christian remedy is simply Utopian; why should Christian belief make any more headway in a University than it does in the world outside?

But may not the same question be asked of Dr. Joad's remedy, classical-humanism? Has he any grounds for supposing that the thoughts of Greece and Rome should make more headway in a University than they do to-day in the world outside?

We too easily forget that it is not Greek and Roman philosophies as such that have been the greatest influences, but it is as these have been seen through the spirit of the Galilean that nearly all that is worthwhile in our Western democracy has come about. Pursuit of truth, beauty, and goodness can, for some, do much to turn out the "round" men of whom Joad speaks; but realisation of their perfect personification in a Jesus has enabled folk in all strata of society, from the greatest intellectual to the lowliest labourer, to acquire that "roundness.""

Fifty years ago, those who cast off belief in the Ultimate were able to continue living in that "rounded" state, because of an ingrained Christian habit, accumulated through many centuries; now the reserve is getting used up. Intelligent men will not be satisfied with truth, beauty and goodness in an unexplaining vacuum, but need to resume their search for the ultimate source if they would know real satisfaction; and when the root is sought, the fruit, "rounded" men, will follow.

University of London. A. D. HATTON

REPERTORY AND ARTS COUNCIL

SIR,—In your notice of the current performances at the Embassy Theatre you refer to last year's repertory productions at the St. James's as having been presented by the Arts Council. This is not correct. The first repertory theatre festival to be held in London was an idea of my own; it was planned and organised by my British Theatre Group and was so presented to the public. The Arts Council gave ready support and certain financial guarantees although these did not cover the cost of our administration. Similar arrangements would have been made for this year had I been in occupation of a theatre at this time. It must not be assumed that the appearance of the Council's name on the advertisements of the various artistic enterprises it supports means that it is also responsible for the ideas behind such undertakings. BASIL DEAN

91 Wigmore Street, W.1.

CHARLES BURNEY

SIR,—I am editing the correspondence of Charles Burney (1726-1814), the historian of music and friend of Johnson and Burke, and would be grateful indeed if the owners of any of his letters which I have not seen would communicate with me.

WILLIAM WOODS

The Lodge, Barwythe, Studham,
nr. Dunstable, Bedfordshire.

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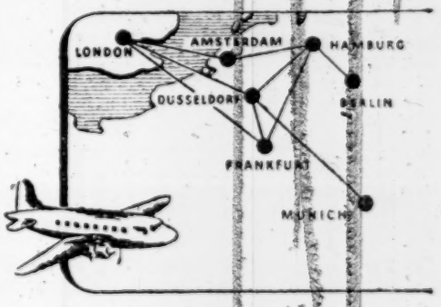

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

*NINETEEN Eighty-Four** is a book that goes through the reader like an east wind, cracking the skin, opening the sores; hope has died in Mr. Orwell's wintry mind, and only pain is known. I do not think I have ever read a novel more frightening and depressing; and yet, such are the originality, the suspense, the speed of writing and withering indignation that it is impossible to put the book down. The faults of Orwell as a writer—monotony, nagging, the lonely schoolboy shambling down the one dispiriting track—are transformed now he rises to a large subject. He is the most devastating pamphleteer alive because he is the plainest and most individual—there is none of Koestler's lurid journalism—and because, with steady misanthropy, he knows exactly where on the new Jesuitism to apply the Protestant whip.

The story is simple. In 1984 Winston Smith, a civil servant and Party member in the English Totalitarian State (now known as Air Strip No. 1), conceives political doubts, drifts into tacit rebellion, is detected after a short and touching period of happiness with a girl member of the Party and is horribly "rehabilitated." Henceforth he will be spiritually, emotionally, intellectually infantile, passive and obedient, as though he had undergone a spiritual leucotomy. He is "saved" for the life not worth living. In *Darkness at Noon*, death was the eventual punishment of deviation: in 1984 the punishment is lifeless life.

> Oh, stubborn self-willed exile from the loving breast! Two gin-scented tears trickled down the sides of his nose. But it was all right, everything was all right, the struggle was finished. He had won the victory over himself. He loved Big Brother.

A generation from now the world is composed of three States, Oceania, Eurasia, Eastasia in perpetual war. From time to time these States change sides, and the mass of people have little clear idea at any moment of who are their allies or their enemies. These wars are mainly fought on the frontiers away from the great cities—for atom bombing turned out to be too destructive and made useful war impossible—and their objects are, fundamentally, to use up the excessive productiveness of the machine, and yet, contradictorily, to get control of rare raw materials or cheap native labour. Another important attraction of war is that it enables the new governing class, who are modelled on the Stalinists, to keep down the standard of living and nullify the intelligence of the masses who they no longer pretend to have liberated. War is peace: the party slogan indicates that war is not itself necessary; but that the collective oligarchy can operate securely only on a war footing.

It is with this moral corruption of absolute political power that Mr. Orwell's novel is concerned. London lies decaying like an old cabbage in the remains of its seedy 19th-century building, but high above the streets tower the four main ministries of Ingsoc: the Ministry of Truth, for the issuing of lies, that is to say, official news, official culture; the Ministry of Plenty, for the purpose of organising scarcity; the Ministry of Peace for conducting war; and the dubious Ministry of Love, windowless and surrounded by barbed wire and machine guns, where political prisoners are either executed or "rehabilitated" by the new Inquisition. A recalcitrant will enter the Ministry of Love and emerge eventually an official sponge, incapable of private life, without memory; private memory and the sexual impulse are the two deadly sins. Enjoying them, the virtues of obedience and hysteria are impossible to the citizen. In the homes of Party members—and all except the "proles" or workers have some place in this hierarchy—a telescreen is fitted, from which canned propaganda continually pours, on which the pictures of Big Brother, the leader and the ancient enemy and anti-Christ, Goldstein often appear. Also by this device the Thought Police, on endless watch for Thought Crime, can observe the people night and day. What precisely Thought Crime really is no one knows; but in general it is the tendency to conceive a private life secret from the State. A frown, a smile, a shadow on the face, a sigh may betray the citizen, who has forgotten, for the moment, the art of "reality control" or, in Newspeak, the official language, "doublethink." Winston Smith's doubts began when, accidentally, there came into his hands a complete piece of evidence of State lying. The doubts drove him to action: he bought a notebook and started a diary, that is to say, a piece of writing not directed by the State. He tried to define "doublethink":

> To know and not to know, to be conscious of complete truthfulness while telling carefully constructed lies, to hold simultaneously two opinions which cancelled out, knowing them to be contradictory and believing in both of them; to use logic against logic, to repudiate morality while laying claim to it, to believe that democracy was impossible and that the Party was the guardian of democracy; to forget whatever it was necessary to forget, then to draw it back into memory again at the moment it was needed, and then promptly to forget again; and, above all, to apply the same process to the process itself. That was the ultimate subtlety; consciously to induce unconsciousness, and then, once again, to become unconscious of the act of hypnosis you had just performed. Even to understand the word "doublethink" involved the use of doublethink.

Newspeak, the new Basic English blessed by the scientists and the Party, is the natural offspring of Doublethink. "You think, I dare say," says Syme, the Party philologist, "that our chief job is inventing new words. But not a bit of it! We're destroying words, scores of them." And he goes on to give examples:

> It is a beautiful thing, the destruction of words. Of course, the great wastage is in the verbs and adjectives, but there are hundreds of nouns that can be got rid of as well. It isn't only the synonyms; there are also the antonyms. After all, what justification is there for a word which is simply the opposite of some other word? A word contains its opposite in itself. Take "good," for instance. If you have a word like "good," what need is there for a word like "bad." "Ungood" will do just as well—better, because it is the exact opposite which the other is not. Or, again, if you want a stronger version of "good," what sense is there in having a whole string of vague, useless words like "excellent" and "splendid" and all the rest of them. "Plusgood" covers the meaning.

The aim of Newspeak is to narrow the range of thought, and to remove from the classics all the subversiveness which could pollute the minds of Party Members. The time will come when the official slogans: War is Peace, Freedom is Slavery, Ignorance is Strength, will not be required, "simply because there will be no thought as we understand it now."

Mr. Orwell's book is a satirical pamphlet. I notice that some critics have said that his prophecy is not probable. Neither was Swift's *Modest Proposal* nor Wells's *Island of Dr. Moreau*. Probability is not a necessary condition of satire which, when it pretends to draw the future, is, in fact, scourging the present. The purges in Russia and, later, in the Russian satellites, the dreary seediness of London in the worst days of the war, the pockets of 19th-century life in decaying England, the sordidness of bad flats, bad food, the native and whining streak of domestic sluttishness which have sickened English satirists since Smollett, all these have given Mr. Orwell his material. The duty of the satirist is to go one worse than reality; and it might be objected that Mr. Orwell is too literal, that he is too oppressed by what he sees, to exceed it. In one or two incidents where he does exceed, notably in the torture scenes, he is merely melodramatic: he introduces those rather grotesque machines which used to appear in terror stories for boys. In one place—I mean the moment when Winston's Inquisitor drives him to call out for the death of his girl, by threatening to set a cageful of famished rats on him—we reach a peak of imaginative excess in terror, but it is superfluous because mental terrorism is his real subject.

Until our time, irony and unnatural laughter were thought to be the duty of the satirist: in *Candide* the more atrocious the fact—and a large number of Voltaire's facts were true—the gayer the laugh. More strikingly than in any other genre, it is indispensable for satire to sound "untrue," an effect Voltaire obtained by running a large number of true things together in a natural manner. The laughter of Voltaire, the hatred of Swift were assertions of vitality and the instinct to live in us, which continually struggles not only against evil but against the daily environment.

But disgust, the power to make pain sickening, the taste for punishment, exceed irony and laughter in the modern satirist. Neither Winston Smith nor the author laughs when he discovers that the women of the new State are practised hypocrites and make fools of the Party members. For Mr. Orwell, the most honest writer alive, hypocrisy is too dreadful for laughter: it feeds his despair.

As a pamphleteer Orwell may be right in his choice of means. The life-instinct rebels against the grey tyrannies that, like the Jehovah of the Old Testament, can rule only as long as they create guilt. The heart sinks, but the spirit rebels as one reads Mr. Orwell's ruthless opening page, even though we have met that boiled cabbage in all his books before:

> It was a bright, cold day in April, and the clocks were striking thirteen. Winston Smith, his chin nuzzled into his breast in an effort to escape the vile wind, slipped quickly through the glass doors of Victory Mansions, though not quickly enough to prevent a swirl of gritty dust from entering along with him.
>
> The hallway smelt of boiled cabbage and old rag mats. . . . It was no use trying the lift. Even at the best of times it was seldom working, and at present the electricity current was cut off during daylight hours. It was part of the economy drive in preparation for Hate Week. The flat was seven flights up, and Winston, who was 39 and had a varicose ulcer above his right ankle, went slowly, resting several times on the way. On each landing, opposite the lift shaft, the poster with the enormous face gazed from the wall. It was one of those pictures which are so contrived that the eyes follow you about when you move. Big Brother IS WATCHING YOU, the caption beneath it ran.

But though the indignation of *Nineteen*

* *Nineteen Eighty-Four*. By George Orwell. *Secker & Warburg*. 10s.

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Eighty-Four is singeing, the book does suffer from a division of purpose. Is it an account of present hysteria, is it a satire on propaganda, or a world that sees it itself entirely in inhuman terms? Is Mr. Orwell saying, not that there is no hope, but that there is no hope for man in the political conception of man? We have come to the end of a movement. He is like some dour Protestant or Jansenist who sees his faith corrupted by the "doublethink" of the Roman Catholic Church, and who fiercely rejects the corrupt civilisations that appear to be able to flourish even under that dispensation.

V. S. PRITCHETT

LETTERS AND LIFE

Essays on Literature and Society. By EDWIN MUIR. *Hogarth.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

How to review a book of this kind, except by writing round it, which tells more about the reviewer than the book itself, is a perennial problem of literary journalism. It would be well to say simply: "This is a first-class book of criticism. Read it." A short passage of lyrico-didactic verse, in the style of Cowper or Crabbe, might be even more persuasive. But the reviewer is denied such eccentricities; he must fill his column, attempt to keep the reader's attention, consider what the author would be at, and argue with him.

What Mr. Muir seems to be at in these essays is gently but firmly to replace certain great European writers against the Christian background which it has become fashionable to ignore or explain away. Gently, because Mr. Muir is too experienced a critic to be unaware of the dangers of emphasis; firmly, because his arguments are based on a culture that is remarkable for depth and thoroughness rather than for extension. He makes no explicit statement of religious belief on his own behalf, but his attack on the innocent folly of estimating works of art on political and economic grounds *alone*, is one of the most lucid and devastating I have come across. His touch is light, whether he is disposing of Spengler as a serious thinker, or extracting with humour and affection the quiddity of Sterne, or pointing out the silliness of appraising Mr. T. S. Eliot on the assumption (however disguised) that his religious beliefs are insincere. This lightness of touch is one of the happiest characteristics of English (and Scottish) criticism at its best, and it enables Mr. Muir to say in a sentence what a Central European or American critic would spread over a page. The result is succinct enough but it has nevertheless the substantial effect of a good fugue. There is no need to labour this point, beyond saying that Mr. Muir's fugue is a double one; for the other great merit of these chapters is the author's ability to criticise life from the point of view of literary art, and literature from the standpoint of life. This frees Mr. Muir from the vulnerable aestheticism of the critic to whom beauty is everything, and helps him to say something about writers as various as Rilke, Kafka, and Browning. Of the first, that "ingenuity was his besetting sin"; of the second, that "his influence on modern writing . . . comes from his art, not from his view of life"; and of the third, that

> what happened to him when he spoke directly of his hopes was that he forgot the more formidable elements in his imaginative world. He had to enter into the lives of people quite unlike himself before he could realise all the obstacles to his easy faith in things. But this is what he did; his work consisted in this.

Such quotations (and Mr. Muir, like all good essayists, is eminently quotable) should be sufficient to establish the positive nature of this book, as well as its astringent freshness. Mr. Muir is acutely just to the writers whose work he examines, because his judgment is based on admiration. Sometimes, but not often, he allows his affections to lead him astray. To what else can we attribute the statement that Thackeray is a "lesser" novelist than Scott, and Becky Sharp "laboured and crude compared even with Scott's *minor* characters" (italics mine)? And the statement that the value of what Kafka says "does not depend on the truth of his metaphysical structure, any more than the value of what Dante says depends on his theology," appears to me to border perilously on the fallacy which Mr. Muir is at pains to expose elsewhere in his book. Whatever aesthetic lessons may be learnt from them—and certainly there are many—neither Dante nor Kafka were creating art for art's sake. Writers of this order must be considered first and last in the light of their manifest intentions; we are not free to find them beautiful or entertaining, while brushing aside their views of life as if these were mere literary conventions, on a level with ghosts and leprechauns and the speech of bygone periods—any more than we can appreciate the *Four Quartets* if we insist on considering Mr. Eliot's Anglicanism a deplorable affectation. The art that is born of religion—like religion itself—can be understood but partially, or not at all, by those who regard it from outside.

One is often assured that the general reader (there is such a person) does not read books like this. It is safe to assume that they will continue to be written; so to whom should they be addressed? Primarily, I suppose, they are of use to young students of literature, for they stretch wire across short cuts and suggest what is subtly wrong with even the more sensible of received views. But there are other kinds of reader to whom this book will, I believe, prove equally stimulating, though perhaps for rather different reasons: the biographer and the novelist. To the latter, in particular, I recommend the following passage on Regan and Goneril, as indicative of the scope of Mr. Muir's mind:

> Having no memory, they have no responsibility, and no need, therefore, to treat their father differently from any other troublesome old man. This may simply be another way of saying that they are evil, for it may be that evil consists in a hiatus in the soul, a craving blank, a lack of one of the essential threads which bind experience into a coherent whole and give it a consistent meaning. The hiatus in Lear's daughters is specifically a hiatus of memory, a breach in continuity; they seem to come from nowhere and to be on the way to nowhere; they have words and acts only to meet the momentary emergency, the momentary appetite; their speech is therefore strikingly deficient in imagery, and consists of a sequence of pitiless truisms.

That passage, I submit, is clever, imaginative, and wise. You will find many like it in this admirable little book.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

THE MIND OF MAN

Psychoanalysis Today. Edited by SANDOR LORAND. *Allen & Unwin.* 25*s.*

The Mind in Action. By ERIC BERNE. *John Lehmann.* 15*s.*

It is only fifty-six years since Freud made his first sortie into the hitherto unmapped territory of man's unconscious mind; despite the novel and disturbing nature of his discoveries, this relatively short period has witnessed the increasing permeation of Occidental societies by Freud's concepts. In the Western world, Freud has changed the climate of opinion in a manner at least as significant as Darwin or Marx; nearly every thinking person thinks differently about himself and his fellows because of the discoveries of psychoanalysis; the chief exception to this generalisation being politicians and political journalists of every party and persuasion who still write and act on the basis of mid-nineteenth-century concepts of human motivation. This permeation is the more remarkable in that Freud's writings have never been really widely diffused and cannot be read without effort, that the number of psychoanalysts is still very small and the number of patients they can treat limited.

Psychoanalysis Today is a compilation of essays designed to mark the fiftieth anniversary of the original publication of Freud and Breuer's *Psychical Mechanisms of Hysterical Phenomena*: but war and its aftermath delayed its publication in this country some five years. The list of contributors is most distinguished; with the notable exception of Anna Freud (whose point of view is, however, ably put by Marianne Kris, who worked with her for many years) nearly every one of Freud's earlier followers is represented here, except those who have wandered too far from the orthodox path. It is not clear to whom this volume is addressed. The papers are of very uneven quality; quite a few are too technical for the non-specialised reader; and nearly all too brief to be of much use to the specialist not already conversant with the writers' other works and points of view. It represents a sort of domestic celebration, a memorial scroll for the golden wedding; the scope—if not always the content—of the papers illustrates dramatically the wide-spread progeny of Freud's incredibly fertile mind.

All but three of the thirty contributors—the exceptions are Edward Glover, Ernest Jones and Melanie Klein—are now working in the United States, though less than half are natives of that country. The political events in Germany and Austria-Hungary, whence most of Freud's original collaborators came, undoubtedly hastened the transatlantic migration of so many psychoanalysts, and the gradual Americanisation of so many of the concepts, that to-day the greatest acceptance, diffusion and dilution of psychoanalytic ideas are to be found in the United States. But this would almost certainly have occurred—though perhaps not quite so quickly—without Hitler's help. One of the underlying ideas of American culture is the "transformability" of individuals from aliens into Americans, from sinners into saints; and with their addiction to analogies drawn from machines rather than from the

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organic world, Americans have relatively little conscious resistance to the notion of "tinkering" with the mind so as to make it run more smoothly, more efficiently, with less fouling up of the works.

The analogy between the human mind and the machine is ingeniously employed by Dr. Eric Berne in *The Mind in Action*, which is, within its limits, easily the best and most comprehensive popularisation of current psychoanalytic thought I know of:

> The unconscious (Dr. Berne writes) is an energy centre, where the Id instincts begin to take form. It will help to understand it if we compare it to a factory. This factory is full of dynamos which supply energy to run the machines. Into the factory come all kinds of raw material brought from the outside. . . .

This analogy is continued for several pages, and crops up intermittently throughout the book; it is useful in presenting dramatically the contrast between conscious thoughts and unconscious processes (the thought as a finished automobile, the unconscious as the automobile factory); but I wonder if any European would have pursued this analogy so relentlessly, even if he had thought of it; and I wonder if any European lay audience will accept it as complacently and comprehendingly as Dr. Berne's American audiences presumably did.

Dr. Berne was born in Canada but became a United States citizen shortly after his graduation. As Dr. Brill implies in his short introduction, Dr. Berne is a "third generation" psychoanalyst; as such, he has escaped both the internal conflicts and the feeling of belonging to a persecuted minority which made many of his intellectual ancestors so defensive and so partisan; he is able to treat psychoanalytic concepts as part of the corpus of accepted knowledge about human beings, without unnecessary argument and without suggesting that they comprise the totality of essential ideas. Indeed Dr. Berne feels no difficulty in incorporating Sheldon's somatic typology and, in an appendix, Rhine's concept of extrasensory perception; this appendix also contains some striking examples of Dr. Berne's "intuitive" or "telepathic" gifts.

The body of the book presents a synoptic view of all Freud's major ideas presented with clarity, with the minimum of technical vocabulary and in a logical developmental sequence. As a book for the intelligent layman it is remarkable in two respects: it is, as far as I know, the first popular text to employ methodically and consistently what is probably Freud's most difficult construct, the death instinct (called by Dr. Berne "mortido" as a reciprocal to "libido"); and, as far as I can judge, it is so written that it will provoke neither hypochondriacal self-diagnosis nor uninformed diagnosis of others.

I have said that the book presents a synoptic view of all Freud's major ideas, rather than all major Freudian ideas, because English specialists will note an apparent ignorance of the advances made in this country in the last two decades; Anna Freud's clarifications of the ego's mechanisms of defence, and Melanie Klein's constructs of the vicissitudes of infancy and early childhood are not referred to directly or by implication. The chapters on the formation of the super-ego are the weakest in the book.

The book is potentially so valuable that it is a pity that more trouble was not taken with the text, as well as with the bibliography, to make it suitable for English audiences. Dr. Berne has illustrated his text by a series of imaginary interlocking case-histories from a supposititious American community called Olympia. These are exceedingly well contrived, so well contrived indeed that I think they must be nearly meaningless to readers who have not prolonged and intimate knowledge of American small-town life. Without having any such conscious intention—for Dr. Berne shows no awareness of the concepts of culture or national character—the author has produced a significant cultural document. Its very accuracy however renders it inapposite for communicating with members of another culture; the rephrasing of these imaginary case-histories and illustrations in English terms and with an English setting would have greatly enhanced the value of this book in this country. The fictitious etymologies too might well have been eliminated; they are intended as mnemonics and were probably appreciated by American audiences liable to get involved in quiz programmes; but a person who cannot remember what catatonia means (for example) is not helped in any constructive way by such sentences as: "This cataract of indifference and the tonic state of the muscles help us remember that this condition is called a catatonic state of schizophrenia." He would do better to forget the term.

Despite these criticisms of the manner of presentation—readers with a general education will be jarred by a few glaring inaccuracies in etymology and art history—*The Mind in Action* can be whole-heartedly recommended as an introduction to Freudian thought. It would be of particular value to students of medicine and psychology who do not intend to study psychiatry. The short appendix on politics can be ignored; together with the great majority of psychoanalysts, Dr. Berne has no constructs about society which give more insight than the foggy goodwill of the "liberal."

GEOFFREY GORER

NEW NOVELS

Redemption. By FRANCIS STUART. *Gollancz.* 9*s.*
The Fable and the Flesh. By MARCEL AYMÉ. *The Bodley Head.* 9*s.* 6*d.*
A Fine of Two Hundred Francs. By ELSA TRIOLET. *Hutchinson.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

There is a fashion in theme no less than a fashion in method. Flaubert could afford to seal up every pin-hole where the light filtered through, and to triumph in a kind of rich and fertile despair. Proust, despite the title of his last volume, allows only the heroic and specialised hope of artistic creation to cast a single steely ray of light backwards over his huge canvas of deterioration. But in the last two decades more and more novelists have attempted to make their journey to the *end* of the night. Flaubert's fanatical gloom was the luxury of a period when the earth was rumbling, but not yet quaking, when the volcano was belching smoke but before the ashes had begun to fall. In our time it must seem that hopelessness is too easy and too photographic a theme to interest the serious writer. Flaubert thundered against the unconsidered optimism of his time, and, by the same law, the modern novelist is dissatisfied with the facile and vulgar surrender of the Blues, and with the current myth of damnation. The failure of a novel like *Tender is the Night* is due, surely, to the fact that Scott Fitzgerald offers no resistance to the prevailing and over-simplified popular myth. The Jazz Age and the Lost Generation are vulgarities, and not all the generous romanticism of Fitzgerald can conceal their falsity and smugness.

It is not that the novelist feels compelled to give pep talks or to unfold some panacea for the immediate benefit of his sad readers, but that he is in instinctive reaction against a lie. This is peculiarly apparent in the work of such well-intentioned but severely minor writers as the three novelists under review. The profound optimism of *Ulysses* is also a qualified and subtle optimism, whereas Mr. Francis Stuart's novel has a quite arbitrary happy ending and a message which is as over-simple as the gaudy despair which he consciously opposes. One must protest at once against the publisher's fatuity. On the dust cover of this book Mr. Compton Mackenzie issues the following warning to reviewers:

> I think *Redemption* is a magnificent book, and if its beauty and terror do not win Francis Stuart the recognition he deserves I shall begin to despair of contemporary English criticism. *Redemption* has given me at 66 the kind of thrill Dostoevsky used to give me at 16.

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& WINDUS

This rash and threatening little puff may do considerable disservice to Mr. Stuart's honest novel. Reviewers are human, and it seems as pointless to challenge them in this way as it seem ill-considered to have allowed the name of Dostoevsky to appear in this ludicrous context. *Redemption* is not a mature version of *The Brothers Karamazov*.

The scene of the book is set, firmly and pleasantly, in the background of an Irish provincial town. The hero is an embittered but voluble traveller who has lost his faith and his girl during the bombardment and liberation of Berlin. He is at friendly odds with the local priest, a whimsically saintly figure in a familiar tradition. Ezra brutally seduces the priest's sister, while the local fishmonger is busy stabbing the girl he loves. The priest, believing that enough evil has been done to offer a chance of general salvation, persuades all the protagonists to share a house together and to live in a new spirit of mutual respect and love. The coarse but redeemed fishmonger is executed for his crime, but not before the priest's sister, herself redeemed from smugness by Ezra's savagery, has married him and lightened his last days. The whole book is marred by the murderous national disease of over-eloquence. "'Words are a great stumbling block,' went on the priest. 'As soon as it becomes a question of words, as in the pulpit, I am seeking and searching and not knowing where to turn for the next one.'" Yet this inarticulate is touched a moment later by tongues of fire:

> The snaily crawl and puny thrust of this white Worm is the power that moves the world. When all the syllables whispered through the grill of the confessional are put together, what is the shape that emerges? Isn't it the Worm, Ezra? Open the history books and the poetry books and whose is the face that shines out from them? Clytemnestra's and Cassandra's, Lucrezia's and Electra's, Peggy O'Reilly's and Hellen's or, if you like, Mrs. Leopold Bloom's. . . .'

It is difficult to take seriously characters who roll so many fat periods round their tongues. Also the paradoxical message of the book, the message of salvation through sin and despair, does indeed cry out for the unique vision of Dostoevsky. In Mr. Stuart's hands it is in danger of becoming a rather foolish formula. Yet *Redemption*, in spite of its many and great faults, is an unusually moving and sympathetic book. It is evident that Mr. Stuart has felt deeply and thought hard, and the sincerity of his emotions does, in the end, triumph over the lush exuberance of his vocabulary.

M. Marcel Aymé is also cursed by a national disease, by the itch to be continually exhibiting his Gallic wit. *The Fable and the Flesh* is concerned with the appearance in a Jura village of a local water-nymph called the Vouivre. According to her legend she is possessed of an egg-sized ruby which she leaves on the bank while bathing. Anyone who tries to steal the jewel is immediately set upon and killed by thousands of vipers. This leads, in the accurate words of the blurb, to "very considerable repercussions in the village of Vaux-le-Dévers, embarrassing the Church, alarm the anti-clerical Mayor, aggravating the quarrel between the Museliers and the Mindeurs. . . ." The priest and the anti-clerical mayor are the French equivalent of our mothers-in-law, and much of the fun is both flat and facetious. Yet M. Aymé *is* witty, and some of his jokes are illuminating as well as funny. The great fault of the book is that there is no cohesion between its low comedy and its serious and important statement. Arsène, the hero, is redeemed during the course of the book from a certain earthy materialism, and dies on the last page in an attempt to save a slighted servant-girl from the Vouivre's vipers. In many ways this particular redemption is both subtler and more convincing than the mass salvation enjoyed by Mr. Stuart's characters, yet Mr. Stuart has written the better book because he has indulged in no vote-catching diversions. M. Aymé's Vouivre is not nearly such a disastrous invention as might readily be supposed. At her best she is used as a device for exhibiting the predicament and the glories of mortality as opposed to the empty and shapeless eternity of her own existence. But M. Aymé cannot resist the least opportunity for facetiousness, and he ruins the myth by the sort of whimsicality which can discover humour in the notion of Agamemnon in a bowler hat. *The Fable and the Flesh* exhibits the wilful perversion of a genuine talent.

The three long stories included in Elsa Triolet's book appeared separately in the *Cahiers* e *Minuit*, and have now been jointly awarded the Prix Goncourt. In the circumstances redemption was not unnaturally to be found in some kind of association with the French resistance movement. But Mademoiselle Triolet is a much subtler and more astute writer than, for example, Vercors, and she allows her simple message to hover gracefully in the air. There is remarkably little political crudity in any of these stories, and there are many passages where the writing is very accomplished indeed. Yet a dead hand lies heavily on these efficient pages, which leads one to suspect some inner falsity or at least an unresolved contradiction. Although Mlle Triolet has tried hard to interest us in the private lives and emotions of her characters, a vivid journalist's picture of France under the Germans is all that remains in the mind. Nothing is easier to perceive or harder to define than the lifelessness of such a book.

PHILIP TOYNBEE

DYLAN THOMAS

Dylan Thomas. By HENRY TREECE. *Lindsay Drummond.* 7s 6d.

Mr. Thomas is a poetic phenomenon about which a great deal has been written to very little purpose. His supporters for the most part point to his work with astonishment and exclaim "major poet," with the later Mr. W. J. Turner,

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or "this is pure poetry," with Professor Herbert Read. One of the best, and earliest criticisms of this kind, printed in this book, is an invocation of Dylan Thomas's qualities, in poetic prose, by Dr. Edith Sitwell. His detractors (as recently Geoffrey Grigson), point to the lack of inner organic consistency in his images. But this criticism is too sweeping in that it implies a general attack not only on Dylan Thomas but on all poetry with an "artificial" imagery. The American critics rush in with Welsh battle cries. "You cannot begin to understand Dylan Thomas until you know the Welsh epics, and what-have-you," they point out with their genius for turning every poet into the subject for a University thesis.

What is needed by criticism is an understanding of the problems raised by the kind of poetry which Thomas writes, and a discussion of these problems in relation to his own and other poetry. It cannot be said that Mr. Henry Treece is such a critic. Emotionally he has the qualities of a violent partisan, who divides poets into movements, poetry into the "intellectual" and the "unintellectual," poems into the "mechanical" and the "personal." His partisanship of non-existent causes is of the most annoying kind. He follows false scents, raises hares, drags red herrings across lost trails. He speaks of the poetry of the Thirties as "largely the result of Christopher Caudwell's *Illusion and Reality*." He writes in sentences of which these are examples:

> Unlike so many contemporary poets, Thomas does not turn either critically or admiringly towards experimental political systems over the seas.

And:

> Since Thomas appeals only infrequently to the intellect his poems stand or fall by their coincidence at the time of reading with a similar mood or emotion on the part of the reader.

And of the influence of Hopkins, he writes:

> His work shows a tension, a dissatisfaction with accepted formulae, yet a hope for the future, which our young poets, nurtured on *The Waste Land*, and already becoming reactionary (sic) to it, could most easily and most sincerely take as a model.

The reviewer confronted by statements of this kind, feels depressed. He needs not a pen and a few hundred words, but a pail of water, a scrubbing brush and some soap. All I can point out here is that Caudwell's book was published long after most of the work which Mr. Treece seems to think resulted from it; that the statement about political systems overseas is of a banality which defies discussion; that it would be interesting to know the name of a poem which can be read without a coincidence of mood on part of the reader; and that the sentence about becoming "reactionary" to *The Waste Land*, when one has revolved it into intelligibility is so vague as to be almost meaningless.

Mr. Treece draws a distinction between what he calls "words employed mechanically, as objects and the means of reflecting objects" and words used in some other way. This other way, he adumbrates (I can scarcely say defines) as follows:

> If words then are not to be employed mechanically, as objects and the means of reflecting objects, how is one to use them? I would suggest that the writer (who should be intelligent enough to know that whatever he describes can never attain the perfection of the cheapest Brownie-camera exposure, and sensitive enough to know that whenever he uses objects as symbols of other objects he is deceiving himself and his readers) should use words in such a way as to create an attitude or mode of thinking which is primarily and utterly dependent on no *external* factors, which by themselves might create this attitude without the poet's intervention: that he should, as a craftsman, compel his words to obey his own personal, craftsman impulse, and that he should use this impulse fearlessly to the end that his own individuality, his own organic myth (which is a growth from his living as a man and not from his acting as a machine or part of a machine), may become apparent, and possibly useful as a searchlight upon their own private problems, to his readers.

One needs an axe, as well as a pail and scrubbrush to attack this paragraph. When one has elucidated it, one sees that Mr. Treece is, in his involved way, attributing to some fictitious opponents of Dylan Thomas, notably to Auden, the idiocy of confusing poetry with photography. The introduction of photography into the argument is irrelevant. To imply that Pope and Auden are photographers, and that Keats and Dylan Thomas are independent of verbal objects in their use of words, is nonsense. The difference between these kinds of poet is in the relations within the structure of the poetic worlds which they create out of language. It is not a difference of one poet using words as objects and of another not doing so, but of the relation of the verbal objects to one another within their poems. In Auden's poetry there is a structure of objects which is related to the order to be found in nature, and to the logic of thought in argument. In some of Thomas's poems there does not seem to be this kind of relationship. Instead there is free mental association, an arrangement of objects which defies the structure of intellectual thought and the order of nature.

Mr. Treece's insistence on polemics, on setting up one "movement" of poets against another, leads him to misunderstand the problems which are raised by Dylan Thomas's writing. Thus, he is misled into finding a similarity which does not exist between Thomas and Gerard Manley Hopkins. It may be true that Thomas has been influenced by Hopkins' imagery, and his use of compound words. But to bracket Hopkins and Thomas together as "unintellectual" is a failure to understand that Hopkins is in a strictly philosophical, a theological sense, the most intellectual poet of the nineteenth century.

In my private thinking, I sometimes divide poetry into the "transparent" and the "opaque." Certain poets (Pope, Tennyson, Clare, even Keats) even though they may write lines which can be singled out as "pure poetry," nevertheless observe

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in the development of their poems a very great fidelity to the structure of nature, the logic of argument. When one reads them one has the impression of looking through their poetry on to landscape, on to beautifully constructed thought. I call such writing "transparent." Other poets, although, considered image by image and word by word, they may evoke strong sensuous impressions of nature, nevertheless juxtapose their images in such a way that one cannot see behind them the logic of thought, the structure of landscape. I call these poets "opaque."

Thomas is extremely opaque. The objects themselves are clear enough, but object is piled on to object in a relationship where the development of the thought is not clear, and where the physical structure is not the kind of order which we find in nature.

> This world is half the devil's and my own,
> Daft with the drug that's smoking in a girl
> And curling round the bud that forks her eye.
> An old man's shank one-marrowed with my bone,
> And all the herrings smelling in the sea,
> I sit and watch the worm beneath my nail,
> Wearing the quick away.

How Mr. Treece can consider that this is not a poetry of objects (just as much snapshots as Mr. Auden's, if he likes to call images photographs), is beyond my comprehension. The point is that the objects are arranged in a special way. One might almost say that Mr. Thomas paints his poems. His visual images become more important than his thoughts, and they are arranged in an order of object related to object, held together by a word-painter's aesthetic sense. A comparison of Thomas with a painter like Frances Hodgkins or a sculptor like Henry Moore would be infinitely more rewarding than straining the comparison with Hopkins.

Of course, one is also confronted in Dylan Thomas with very powerful, though obscure, emotional obsessions. Perhaps for him, in his writing, his problem has been to rescue his word-painter's or sculptor's objects from an emotional compulsion to be extremely subjective, that is, to objectify these arrangements of images which are his poems. And here to call him "unintellectual," as Mr. Treece repeatedly does, is a gross over-simplification. The structure of his poems, is not, as I have explained, logical argument, but after all, intellect is supremely sense of proportion, the artist's sense of relations between the forms which he creates. It is important to stress this, because Dylan Thomas has intellectual power, and greater intellectualisation, even in the sense most despised by Mr. Treece, is an instrument by which he may develop beyond a tendency to become chaotic in his imagery. In fact, this is precisely the tendency to be observed in his recent volume, *Deaths and Entrances*, where the poetry is *argued* in a way new to him.

Two or three comments by Dylan Thomas himself scattered throughout the book, are lights in the midst of the surrounding fog:

> A poem by myself needs a host of images. I make one image . . . let it breed another, let that image contradict the first, make of the third image out of the other two together a fourth contradictory image, and let them all, within my imposed formal limits, conflict.

Is this so far from Yeats's meeting of opposites? Or again Dylan Thomas has stated his desire to record

> the stripping of the individual darkness, which must, inevitably, cast light upon what has been hidden for too long, and by so doing, make clean the naked exposure. Benefiting by the sight of the light, and the knowledge of the hidden nakedness, poetry must drag further into the clean nakedness of light more even of the hidden causes than Freud could realise.

Is not this nearer to the intellectual task of W. H. Auden than to the Apocalypticism of Mr. Henry Treece?

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WILFRID DAVID

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Wandering Scholar. By M. J. BONN. *Cohen & West.* 18*s.*

Strangers Here Ourselves. By ADAM DE HEGEDUS. *Gollanz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Joseph Goebbels. By CURT RIESS. *Hollis & Carter.* 18*s.*

Dr. Bonn and Mr. de Hegedus are both Englishmen by adoption. They enjoy our institutions all the more because they can still appreciate them "from outside," and they understand America better than most of us because they do not try to force it into the British pattern. Dr. Bonn's autobiography will give special pleasure to those who remember with regret the cosmopolitanism of pre-1914 Europe. Brought up in Jewish Frankfurt in comfortable circumstances and married into an English county family, he could afford to savour the pleasures of society while conducting his leisurely social researches. In his own words he became "a privileged spectator" of the last decade, when diplomacy was an aristocratic profession and there was still an "international of the mind." A rationalist in his philosophy, a liberal in his economics and a snob in his social tastes, he views with dispassionate nostalgia the vulgarity of modern hostesses, the violence of mass movements and the decline in economic and financial manners. His dislike of the present, however, is restrained by good breeding; he rarely permits himself such bitterness as his description of Labour Britain as "multiple dictatorship imposed under the name of planning" and "Prussian State Socialism introduced in these isles under a new name."

Though he was always careful to avoid direct political responsibility, Dr. Bonn played an important advisory role in the Weimar Republic. He was a typical representative of that cultivated intelligentsia which first disdained Hitlerism and then fled from it. But fortunately for Dr. Bonn, he is a genuine cosmopolitan who feels equally at home in Germany, Britain or America and knows none of the pangs of the political emigré. Nowhere in *Wandering Scholar* does he even attempt to analyse the failings of his generation in Germany. Instead he excuses himself, with a charming shrug, from such pretentiousness and continues to proffer his polished laudations of the past in the numerous American and British universities which he visits as a guest. The "right people," who share his distastes and defeatism, will enjoy *Wandering Scholar:* and the rest of us, who are irritated by it, can at least learn the lesson that a privileged spectator may be wrong.

Mr. de Hegedus belongs to a younger and less mannered generation. A Hungarian by birth, he has had to fight hard for his livelihood and has acquired a real understanding of ordinary people in Britain and America. *Strangers Here Ourselves* is a frankly popular but none the less valuable contribution to Anglo-American relations. It describes a visit to the States in the course of which the author picks up again a dozen G.I. friendships which he made in England during the war. Because he writes, not about politics, economics or sociology, but only about people and places, he succeeds in telling us much about the American way of life which is missed by more pretentious writers. His speciality is Brooklyn but he writes equally well about the sterile ease of California and up-State life in Pennsylvania.

> In England the middle-class segregates itself by iron and stone fences. Here there is no segregation; the middle-class simply lives somewhere else. In Southern Pennsylvania there are famous hunts and aristocratic estates just a bit reminiscent of Staffordshire.

Despite occasional lapses into translationese, *Joseph Goebbels* is an excellent biography. Mr. Riess has not only studied all that is left of the Goebbels Diaries; he has also interviewed Hans Fritsche, Goebbels' mother, his domestics and secretaries and others who knew him well. The result is a study in German psychology which reminds us how superficial was the culture of which Dr. Bonn is a representative. Goebbels was not typical of anything; but, in an extreme form, his mixture of scepticism and faith, of puritanism and diabolism, of fanaticism and play-acting represented nearly all the contradictions of the German soul. National Socialism was not a violent aberration from the German tradition but a fantastic exaggeration of some of its deepest instincts. Mr. Riess' careful study of the most devoted and the most cynical of all the Nazi leaders is as fantastic as Wagner's *Ring*—which is not surprising, since the Siegfried myth, in the form that Wagner gave it, foreshadowed the rise and the fall of the Third Reich.

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A DIPLOMATIC LIFE

Thirty Dozen Moons. By H. J. BRUCE. *Constable.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Bruce's earlier volume, *Silken Dalliance*, contained the memoirs of an Edwardian bachelor; his second tells of his married life with Tamara Karsavina, and is as much a sequel to Karsavina's own *Theatre Street* as it is to *Silken Dalliance*. The dancer's autobiography dealt with her public

and professional life; her husband's follows her away from the stage door, into the home.

Mr. Bruce succeeds in sketching a convincing portrait of a fascinating woman, perhaps made the more vivid by a slight distortion in his vision due to his proximity to his subject. Mme Karsavina is first revealed, at St. Petersburg in 1913, sitting, as was her custom, bolt upright in her flat on the Kriukov canal, wearing a stiff taffeta skirt. Her romantic attraction is conveyed obliquely, by a description of her surroundings more detailed than that of her person:

> Somehow, this hidden corner was so characteristic of Karsavina—so reserved, so Russian and so beautiful. Even in summer, when the canals were open, the only traffic were the timber barges gliding beneath the windows of the flat. In winter no movement, not a soul in sight, no sound of any kind save sometimes in the distance the muted songs of soldiers singing themselves, how hauntingly, to barracks. The only vehicle which seemed to break the winter solitude was my own sleigh, kept waiting on afternoons when I had only a few moments to spare and had to hurry back to my work at the Embassy.

The Russian dancer married the British diplomatist; they escaped from the revolution in 1918 and moved to Tangier, where he had been appointed to a post which he describes with understandable nostalgia:

> It was a perfect rest cure. After a not too early breakfast I would get on to my horse and ride down to the Legation via the golf course and polo ground, where I would play a few holes and knock a polo ball about before proceeding to spend a few hours mostly gossiping with (the Minister). . . . In fact, during my stay at Tangier, only twice did Sir Herbert ring me up on business.

But this idyll did not last a year; Diaghileff was insistent, and Karsavina reluctantly returned to further triumphs in Paris and London, while Mr. Bruce left the Diplomatic Service and took up painting. He soon gave up painting, and dabbled in business; this nearly led to catastrophe. From now on he was condemned to taking up one thing and dabbling in another; at first his only ambition had been "to walk in Tamara's shadow," but almost immediately he found this both insufficient and demoralising, and his wife's exalted eminence in her particular sphere emphasised the inadequacy of any efforts of his own in others. He suffered some of the terrors that visit those who fear that their ineffectual dispositions may be incurable. He was, however, at different times offered responsible jobs in Sofia and in Budapest; these he accepted, but they involved temporary separations from Karsavina extremely painful to both. His record of a happy marriage might indeed have been irritatingly smug, were it not for his ruthless attitude towards a lack of determination in his own character that all but threatened its success.

It is reassuring to know that Mr. Bruce was eventually to fulfil himself satisfactorily as author of this book and its predecessor; within his limited range he is an accomplished writer, and his sensitivity to the rare quality of his wife's nature makes him the ideal expositor of their contrasted temperaments: the great Russian dancer, impulsive, intuitive, subtle, and the English gentleman, cultivated, deprecating, reasonable. Nowhere is this better expressed than in the different aspects of a young Russian friend that presented themselves to the Bruces. "Tamara said he resembled a 'militant archangel.' I just knew that his Russian soldier's kit became him well and that he was a very dear boy, quite invaluable on picnics."

FRANCIS WYNDHAM

THE MATERIAL OF HISTORY

Politics and the Press, 1780-1850. By ARTHUR ASPINALL. *Home & Van Thal.* 42*s.*

Even a casual glance at the footnotes of this book will reveal, as Professor Aspinall remarks, the extent of his debt to the King, the Dukes of Devonshire and Wellington and to possessors of twenty other unexhausted and unexhaustible collections of historical documents. It is equally clear that he has long laboured with patience and assiduity in the Record Office and, less conventionally, in the Irish State Paper Office in Dublin. The result is that for the first time we have here, collected together, the dry bones of a great history of the British press in the first half of the nineteenth century.

Let there be no mistake about it. It is really for the first time. I recall with what surprise I found as a young student twenty-five years ago that no one knew anything about the press in the nineteenth century; no one had written the story of its relations with Ministers nor of its emancipation from secret control and departmental bribes. Historians quoted references in Croker or Greville which showed that Ministers were closely in touch, and often in financial touch, with editors; on this slender basis they also made comments on press corruption and on the power of *The Times* under Barnes and later under Delane. No one before Professor Aspinall looked up the records to prove whether *The Times* or *The Observer* or the other numerous less famous and often ephemeral papers took bribes and what influence the expenditure of secret service money had on public opinion and, indirectly, on government policy. It is a very complicated story, involving direct bribes and subsidies, free circulation and post office assistance for good papers, warnings, wiggings and prosecutions for recalcitrant ones. Among other methods of control, the most important as well as the longest-lived was the granting of special or advance information to friendly editors.

One knows that one can trust Professor Aspinall to have done this basic research without fear or favour and with the utmost thoroughness. But I cannot agree with him when he says he has "told the story of how the press contrived to emancipate itself from the control of the politicians." Here he is in error, error of the kind

Ellen Terry
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that afflicts a man who collects a vast mountain of material and naturally imagines, as he sorts it into heaps and prunes it into chapters, that he is thereby making the material as intelligible to others as he believes it is to himself. History surely involves some answer to the question "why" as well as the question "how," and Professor Aspinall hardly attempts to give a connected chronicle, much less an interpretation. We are none the less grateful to him for filling an important gap in our knowledge of the sources of nineteenth-century history. Many obscure incidents will be explained when we know the backstairs story of the relation of Ministers to journalists and press proprietors.

I hope that Professor Aspinall is now hard at work on the second phase of the press in the nineteenth century—the phase of the political press which was not to be bribed and which, in general, lived by serving one of the political parties. During this period Ministers endeavoured, sometimes very successfully, to influence the press by personal friendship with editors, by giving them private information, or even by themselves partially owning newspapers. That great period of party warfare Professor Aspinall will find gradually merging into the third nineteenth-century phase when the arrival of a vast public, which had learned to read, made newspaper ownership financially attractive to ambitious business men, with the result that it fell into the hands of a few dictators whose control was far more absolute than that of any government or Ministers in the days before the press had won its freedom from government interference.

There is so much research to be done that it will probably be many years before a definite history of the British press can be written. It is certain that it cannot be written except on the basis of detailed and slogging research such as Professor Aspinall has laid before us in this book.

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THE ABYSSINIAN CAMPAIGN

Abyssinian Patchwork. By KENNETH GANDAR DOWER. *Muller.* 18*s.*

The entry of British Forces into Asmara and Addis Ababa in 1941 saw the virtual collapse of the Italian Empire in Africa. How did this débâcle occur? What had been the Fascist achievement in Abyssinia? What was the attitude of the ordinary West African native soldier dragged into the war? What was the atmosphere of the actual fighting, as it seemed to enemy officers only aware of visual truth—the scrubbed hill, the patch of sand, the blistered armoured car they commanded?

These are some of the questions this collective, unprofessional account of the Abyssinian campaign, tries, not always successfully, to answer. Only art could bridge the gulf between the debris of post-war Europe and the twisted machinery of a dead colonial war. The late Mr. Gandar Dower's scrap-book is far from art. It is an anthology, consisting of nearly a hundred contributions by participants as various as British Staff officers and Gold Coast Colonels, Ethiopian pastors and Fascist airmen, West African sergeants and announcers of Radio Roma; and it is linked by Gandar Dower's own commentary and some appalling coloured illustrations (P. W. Lamb's must be excepted). It does not give the whole, over-all picture, nor even convey the intensity of one man's experience. Most of it is very badly written. But what does emerge is a kind of "front view"—the composite feeling of the front-line soldier, whether Italian, Abyssinian or British, when he finds himself bewildered by facts not at all like the pipe-dream preconceptions induced by home propaganda. For the British it was fairly plain sailing, because the pattern of reality was more or less what they had been told. They had to fight to win. But the Italians were psychologically, morally and technically unprepared for war, and had been encouraged by the news in Europe, and their own propaganda, to believe that in any case there would soon be an armistice; to them it seemed unnecessary bravado to risk personal injury in such a small side-show. They surrendered from place to place on what seemed to them a purely temporary basis. And when the truth dawned on them, it was already too late. From their viewpoint the East African campaign was a kind of self-induced hypnosis, a suspension of action through an over-rosy belief in the Duce's ability to come in only at the kill.

But on the whole it was a comparatively dull campaign, a necessary but undramatic preliminary to bigger events; and the book's main interest comes from the character of its commentator. Before his death at sea, in 1944, Mr. Kenneth Gandar Dower had personified, in what is today an increasingly rare manner, the unfashionable combination of scholar and athlete. He won the Rothschild Scholarship at Harrow for being the best all-round performer of his year. He took an Open History Scholarship at Trinity College, Cambridge. He acquired the remarkable number of six "Blues," and won the Open Squash Rackets championship. He took a set off Cochet at Wimbledon; became a distinguished explorer and big-game photographer; a pilot who flew his own Moth (he was a rich man) to India. He worked with Mass Observation and the Ministry of Information. He wrote *The Spotted Lion* and the Penguin Special *Into Madagascar*, and was a regular contributor to *The Times*. As gifted as Anthony Knebworth, but more persevering, he established an almost Elizabethan pattern of success. He was not physically or poetically endowed enough to be a Rupert Brooke or a Richard Hilary. But in a more dogged, extrovert, yet essentially serious, way, he combined the joys of the intellect and the arts of the body—an achievement rare enough to-day, when literature, broadly speaking, is considered the cult of introverted pygmies, and sport the arena of the uncivilised.

ALAN ROSS

Death be not Proud. By JOHN GUNTHER. *Hamish Hamilton.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

With extreme detachment Mr. Gunther here reports the story of fourteen months in the life of himself, his wife and his son Johnny. They were the fourteen months during which Johnny suffered from a brain tumour which finally caused his death at the age of seventeen. Although it is not a memoir in the ordinary sense—because it is restricted to this last period of his son's life—Mr. Gunther has made the character of Johnny, rather than his disease, the *raison d'être* of his book. Thus he has made into an *Anthony* something that might have been a *Journey Round My Skull*. Karinthy's book was a work of art; Mr. Gunther, because his suffering was vicarious, has produced a piece of excellent reportage. It is an example of the height to which reportage may reach when the reporter is personally involved in his material. Unsentimentally he takes us through all the stages of the illness, the various operations, the intravenous injection of mustard, the search for doctors with new methods, the hope, the hopelessness. During this period Johnny retained his wit and his courage, and continued to show his precocious scientific genius; while he lay with a protuberance the size of a tennis ball on his scalp he would produce mathematical conundrums for Professor Einstein and, even while he gradually lost the use of his left hand, continue with his chemical experiments. The book is, more than anything, a testament of this extraordinary ability to continue with an intellectual life while the brain itself was corroding away. And, as such, it is most moving. It comes as a shock, therefore, when Mr. Gunther breaks from his usual detachment to say "When Johnny died, nature took note. There were violent squalls of hot wind, the apartment buildings rattled that night, and the windows shook in their steel casements."

Town and Country Planning. By M. P. FOGARTY. *Hutchinson.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

This new volume in the "Politics" section of Hutchinson's University Library, edited by Professor G. D. H. Cole, succeeds admirably in the general aim of this useful series of introductions to specialised aspects of social and political theory. Tracing the history of town and country planning from the 18th century's magnificent (albeit highly selective) achievements, through the ugly, anarchic interregnum of the Industrial Revolution, to the comprehensive Act of 1947, Mr. Fogarty has produced a well-balanced survey which should meet the needs of Adult Education classes for a simple yet authoritative textbook and yet provide the general reader with enough controversial argument to whet the keenest appetite.

We have moved far from the early 20th-century conceptions of physical planning, when the sanitary engineer and the road surveyor were left with the task of guiding the flow of speculative building. In contrast with the inter-war period, when local authorities enjoyed, but infrequently used, permissive powers to plan, the present administrative machinery for planning is adequate in scope and, on the whole, sound in structure. Not everybody will share Mr. Fogarty's fear that the (admittedly cumbrous) "development charge" provisions of the 1947 Act may cripple socially useful private enterprise; but he is on firm ground in his argument that, Government-sponsored development should be brought within the law. He rightly emphasises the importance of the location of industry as a factor in planning, and raises the debatable question whether the intrusion of the Board of Trade into this field does not run counter to the sound principle of unity of command. However that may be, Mr. Fogarty is certainly right in his contention that, for certain purposes, the county council is a planning authority with too limited an area, and that a democratically constituted regional planning authority is needed as a counter-weight to the "prefects in commission"—the informal committees of departmental officials in regions—who have survived the defunct wartime Regional Commissioners, and constitute a serious invasion of local government by the Centre. The more the business of physical

Company Meeting

DUNLOP RUBBER COMPANY

RECORD PRODUCTION AND SALES

The fiftieth ordinary general meeting of the Dunlop Rubber Company, Ltd., was held on Monday, June 13th, in London. Sir Clive Baillieu, K.B.E., C.M.G., the chairman, presiding.

The chairman, in the course of his speech, said :

The year proved to be a record both in production and sales and in the profits earned. The results achieved justify in full measure the programme of expansion which was undertaken in anticipation of the demand which immediately arose from all classes of your company's products as soon as the necessary supplies of labour and materials became available to enable manufacture to be resumed.

Despite the difficult conditions the crop for the year was a record and was 25 per cent. higher than the 1947 crop. Our sales also established a record, being 12 per cent. in excess of the 1947 figure. These included direct sales to the U.S.A. and Canada totalling 3,654,464 dols., which you will agree is a useful contribution to the sterling area economy. At the end of 1948 we had been in possession of our properties for three years since the reoccupation and 95 per cent. of our total mature area was in tapping, the balance of 5 per cent. has been written off as abandoned.

PROGRESS IN REPLANTING PROGRAMME

During the year considerable progress was made in our replanting programme which is designed to increase our area of budded rubber over the next few years from the present figure of 50 per cent. to more than 75 per cent. of our planted area. We feel that by this policy we shall maintain our estates at the highest level of efficiency and economical working. At the same time we have undertaken a large expansion of research work and facilities in Malaya and are developing new processes which we believe will be of great importance to the industry.

The whole of the work of rehabilitation has been completed and the net profits for the year showed a very satisfactory improvement. As you were told last year the company has borne the entire cost of rehabilitation and so far no war damage compensation has been received.

The Dunlop golf ball continues to maintain its popularity, and out of the total entries for 20 major tournaments held in 1948 65 per cent. used the Dunlop " 65 " ball.

GENERAL REVIEW

Last year the chairman pointed out that had it not been for the Government's strongly expressed views your Board would have felt justified in recommending an increase in the dividend. As you know, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, as part of his disinflation policy, strongly urged industry to continue to limit dividends. We agreed, in common with the great majority of public companies, and, at the same time, we pointed out the need for economy in Government expenditure.

We have, therefore, limited our dividend in a year of record profits to the same distribution as last year. But you will note that the carry-forward this year has been increased to £1,391,000. This constitutes a useful cushion for the future, and should general circumstances permit will afford us a wider discretion in dealing with our dividend policy.

We can now say that the tasks of converting the manpower, plant and equipment of the Dunlop organisation, here and overseas, from a war to a peace basis has in large measure been smoothly and successfully accomplished. We have achieved a considerable expansion in the turnover and profits of the group. Its financial and productive resources have been greatly strengthened.

CHANGING CONDITIONS

We are now confronted with changing conditions of trade here and overseas. The sellers market of the immediate post-war years has passed. The accumulated demands of previous years have been largely satisfied, the pipelines of manufactured goods and commodities have been filled, and trading conditions more nearly reflecting the pre-war pattern have been re-established. Quality, price and merchandising skill will henceforth be as vital to the profitable operation of business enterprise as the capacity to maintain and extend production.

We can say, so far as the factors within the control of the company are concerned, that we are well placed to meet a return to more normal and competitive conditions. The geographical spread of the group with its diversified and wide production range gives us a useful measure of flexibility in meeting the changing incidence of demand and in inevitable fluctuations of trade.

The report was adopted.

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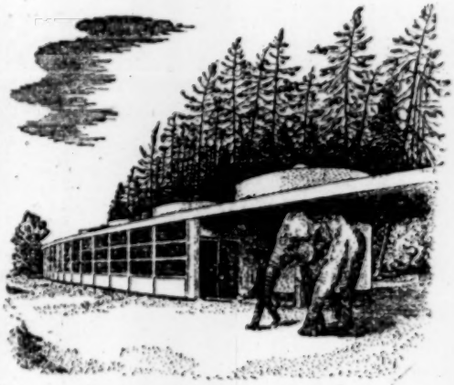

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planning is democratised at all levels, the less the risk of its being regarded as an interference with personal rights and, as such, fair game for the obstructionist.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,009

Set By Naomi Lewis.

Prizes are offered for an extract of sixteen lines from a poem *The Parliament of Beasts*, in which the animals discuss the question of retaining dominion status with Man.

Entries by June 28th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,006

Set by Allan M. Laing

Erasmus Darwin is said to have dreamed the verse:

At Gunby they found Powd ruin,
And furthermore than that,
They found some blood which turned to calf,
And some which would not cat.

Competitors are asked, for the usual prizes, to send in their own dream productions, in verse or prose, but all of the brief sort. They must be guaranteed genuine and not touched up.

Report by Allan M. Laing

As soon as this competition was set, I was warned that it would prove "an irresistible temptation to the unscrupulous humorist"; and, in fact, some of the entries were frankly incredible. But isn't that characteristic of dreamstuff? And would NEW STATESMAN competitors in any circumstances lie? Some of them anticipated suspicion by enclosing certificates of authenticity, signed by relatives or friends; and several of the more scrupulous admitted the post-Morphean placing of commas and semi-colons. By the way, I should mention here that my own example requires correction. "F.C.C." tells me that it was dreamed, not by Erasmus Darwin, but by Charles Langton. She added that I should be able easily to distinguish the true dreamstuff from the invented, because the latter was certain to be "clever." But authenticity was not my greatest difficulty. My problem was to judge on its merits a competition which actually has "no damned nonsense of merit about it" (though the 140 entries certainly shed a Freudian light on the quality of competitor's minds).

I was offered Jane Austen pastiche, dialogues with the Almighty, conversations with a goat, anecdotes, short stories, puns, verse of all kinds, including limericks, and even (from R. S. Jaffray) a dream palindrome: "Red now, I wonder?" From all this no "Kubla Khan" emerged—probably because L. E. J. (as he says) is always interrupted by a person from Porlock while he is shaving; and no competitor reached the inspired quality of Captain Robinson's dream-aphorism: "The banana is great, but the skin is greater." In short, the serious verse was not of high quality, and the prose aphorisms slightly disappointing. But, as indicated, there was an abundance of enthralling variety, including dreamstuff in French, German and dog-Greek, and an item from a four-year-old who, in a dream dominated by a tin of boot-polish, woke up giggling: "Kiwis have no wee-wees."

I shall not reveal my criteria for judging, which, however, has been inevitably influenced by personal taste; and I hope the Editor may be able to find room for enough non-prize-winning entries to give readers ample opportunity to disagree with my awards. I suggest two guineas for Maud Budden's double entry, a guinea each for Thomas Bodkin, John Cousins, Nina Masel, and half a guinea each for Jan Britton and O. P.

To the several competitors who have asked that their dreamstuff should be interpreted, I shall only say that, to my personal knowledge, the psychiatrists have their eyes on this contest's rich material. As Sexton Blake used to say: *Nous verrons.*

DREAM PUN

As I stood by the long window talking to the averted faces of my guests in (I think) a town hall, a brown-bearded gentleman in a frock-coat pushed his way through the dim company to take his leave of me.

"My name is Oscar Revoir," he said, "but you can call me O. Revoir for short."

I woke up with the impression that his name in its abbreviated form was, somehow, familiar.

DREAM POEM

"He kicked the fat repulsive Cat
That dwelt within his house
And bade the tallest Footman bring
Some cakecrumbs to the Mouse."

Note.—It would have been a longer poem if I hadn't carelessly allowed my typewriter to dissolve while I watched the tall flunkey crumble a stale Swiss roll on to a large Victorian silver salver.

MAUD BUDDEN

I heard the old man say:
"Whiskey and Water,"
By the lake at break of day,
"Whiskey and Water."
Yet, as I pulled him out,
I smelt he was blind on stout.
So why did he sing and shout:
"Whiskey and Water"?

THOMAS BODKIN

I was badly stuck in the latter portion of a since finished novel, in which one of the characters was called Akhilles. During the night I woke up, and made the following note, and went back to bed full of the satisfaction of knowing I had untied the knot. In the morning I found the following jargon on my table.

"Akhilles with his weltergauges creeps dumb towards the shots. Carp and dumbness fill the air.
"HE'S FADDEN FADDEN."

And underneath, for fear I should forget the most important thing of all, the following was underlined deeply.

"ALL IN DEMI SEMI QUAVERS. NOTE WELL. DEMI-SEMI-Q. THIS QUAVER BUSINESS IS IMPORTANT."

JOHN COUSINS

We were sitting on the floor of a shop, at the feet of H. G. Wells, waiting in awed silence for the pearl of wisdom which we knew was about to be cast before us. When it finally came, we felt that we had been given the key to all knowledge, and were filled with a profound ecstacy.

He said (or did I say it?—I forget now):
"The less you wear the more you have to carry; the faster you walk the longer you have to run. Saxifrage is a close relation of charlock. Ain't life fun?"

NINA MASEL

Assembled we waited: the best boy in the School, by some ghastly mischance, had caused the death of another, and was to be brought out to be hanged any minute. Suddenly I saw the Chaplain at my side. "How's he taking it?" said I, *sotto voce*. "Well," said the Chaplain, *sotto voce*. "He thinks the fixture should be cancelled—or at least postponed."

JAN BRITTON

Voice of very blah-blah young curate:
"May I introduce Mrs. Purplebottom?"
Me (in sinister tones):
"How do you KNOW?"

O. P.

Blasted by the slow offence,
The sugar-loaf of certainty.

S. H.

It is all dog-trottism, all apple-pearism.

"ALICE B. GOWAN."

There are plenty ways of killing a man if you've made up your mind to do it. Some do it with a watering can; others with a piece of fru-it.

MARY VISICK

Broken Ghyll and brambles;
Phoenix Foundry gone
By the rushing way of sassufray:
Phalaris, Phocion!

GUY INNES

(A grace): Thou gavest us our knees to bend
Beneath Thy polished table-end.

MONGOOSE

Shear off each bushy eyebrow,
Or, lest you regret,
Dab the face with pencil,
Or use a little jet.

MARY TREVELYAN

It's the tune the sailors whistle
As they call the chickens home.

VIOLET LATHAM

It's nice
The way
The horse
Makes tea
With economy
And bonhomie.

CHARON

The cock,
Shining magnificent tail;
The hen,
Brown-feathered, round and small,
Cried, "Supper's ready!
Mud soup for all!"

JEAN DE PAYER

I want a nice room, please, facing the engine.

E. C. NOBEL

Hands like love and eyes like butter.

OLIVER EDWARDS

(In Trafalgar Square): That's the kind of water which, if you put a policeman in it, turns pink.

DAVID E. GARNETT

Plangency was this, inherent in the blood;
No scorn shall set its fangs in vain delight:
The strain of interconvoluted mud
Still flickers in the fenced night.

J. R. MAJER

Though it lave in the grave of a blue-green wave
And the leech hath drained its gore,
Like a wish in a dish with a wide white fish,
It shall live in the here-to-fore;
For there's less in the press of a cool caress
Of the leaves that are no more.

E. BERESFORD

CHESS: Playing the Man or the Board?

At the St. Petersburg tournament of 1914 Emanuel Lasker, the world champion was in his prime. But it was young Capablanca who seemed to be the star of that gigantic tourney. At the beginning of the final phase he led the field by 1½ points. Then Lasker crept up on him, and when they came to their own decisive game he was only ½ point behind. Capablanca needed merely a draw to make sure of the coveted prize, Lasker's only chance was to beat his youthful rival whose legendary fame was enhanced by his being the only one so far to go undefeated through the tournament. Everything depended on that one game. Draw or loss made no difference to Lasker who in either case, with the rest of the field well behind, would have been sure of 2nd prize. But to gain the 1st he had to win that game, and since he happened to have White he was expected to go in for a recklessly dashing attack, trying at any risk to overwhelm his opponent and to play a "do or die" game from the start. Yet, what he did play was the notoriously "tame" exchange variation of the Ruy Lopez.

	White	*Black*
(1)	P-K4	P-K4
(2)	Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3
(3)	B-Kt5	P-QR3
(4)	B x Kt	QP x B
(5)	P-Q4	P x P
(6)	Q x P	Q x Q
(7)	Kt x Q	

With his pawn majority on the K-wing this may promise White good endgame chances. But there is still the middle-game to be got through, with many a chance for Black to rectify the pawns-skeleton, to say nothing of the powerful pair of bishops and their attacking chances. Indeed, this particular line is rightly favoured for Black by aggressively minded players, and here was the very point of Lasker's shrewd psychology. Well aware of his opponent's anxiety to avoid complications and to steer into safe drawing channels Lasker saddled him with the unwanted rôle of the attacker. Being quite averse to that in his present frame of mind Capablanca played timidly rather than aggressively, and by sinning against the spirit of the variation he soon began to fumble and to go to pieces.

To play the man rather than the board was not unusual for Lasker. He won many an important game by deliberately drifting into a slightly inferior position, relying on his own defensive powers no less than on his opponent's temptation to overreach himself. Here is a significant example, his game against Dus-Chotimirski, (Black) at Moscow, 1925.

A pretty grim position, but Lasker fights back

White	*Black*
(1) R x R ch	B x R
(2) B–Kt1	Kt–K4
(3) Kt–Kt3 !	

Counter attack rather than tame defence

B–Kt3 ?

The first careless move, obviously due to over-confidence in a theoretically won position. Much stronger would have been B–Q2, keeping an ugly squint on the White R.-pawn.

(4) R–Q2	R–Kt5 ?

Too rash ! The White R.-pawn wouldn't run away. Black should have first secured his own position by Kt–B2

(5) Kt–K2	R x RP ?

Finally forfeiting the win which might have still been possible (though far more difficult than before) by Kt–B2 or B–B7

(6) Kt x B	P x Kt
(7) P–B5 !	R–R8 ?

Now he should use the Rook (at R4) for defence rather than an attack by now futile

(8) P x P	Kt–Q2

Seeing (too late) that he can't take the wretched Bishop anyway

(9) R–Q1 !

Defending the Bishop as well as threatening B-B2 !

B–B2

(10) R–K1 !	P–QR4 ?

Having thrown away the win long ago he now throws away the draw by missing his last chance of playing R–R4

(11) R–K7 !	Kt–B4

Having wasted so much time in chasing the stale-mated Bishop he sees (too late again) that he can't take him even now

(12) B–K5 !	R–R5

That wretched White Bishop is still taboo

(13) R–B7	Kt–K3
(14) P–Q7	and Black resigned a few moves later.

Competitors are invited to gain the usual prizes by providing other examples of a game decided by psychological factors (and thereby an even deeper logic than that of stark reasoning over the board). Preferably a personal experience, but incidents from chess history are not ruled out. Entries by June 27th.

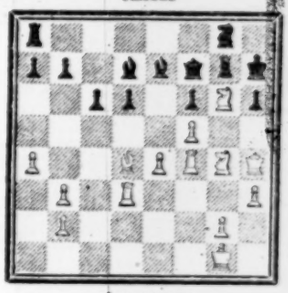
RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 3

Some of the entries while providing brilliant examples, missed on the clarity of the pattern's "common denominator." One of the near-misses is H. Ainsworth's whose entry would have qualified if one of his (otherwise brilliant) examples did not fail to fit into his "spider and the fly" pattern as nicely as the others. The consolation prize is shared by D. M. Peach ("The Queen as a decoy") and A. Birley who provides pretty examples (Anderssen-Zuckertort, Alekhine-Appel, Tartakover-Reti) of the Queen being manoeuvered behind the Rook for the kill. First prize to K. Beaumont who provides a pretty finish of his own and three from master chess. Of the two he hadn't seen when playing his own game (Schroeder-Tarrsch and Lasker-Alekhine, Zuerich 1934), at least one fits his own pattern even better than the one we print (just because he *had* seen it).

— — — —

Some backwash of the Zugzwang competition. E. G. Bowley says that our prize winner "Movebound" was first suggested by H. G. Hart in April, 1939. (Apologies to both of them). An anonymous correspondent claims priority for H. O. D. Bernard (apologies to him). All of which just goes to prove if proof were needed (apologies to Beachcomber). At any rate we did not very seriously hope to oust Zugzwang, neither the term nor the nightmare.

AHUES



ALEKHINE

(1) Kt x RP	Kt x Kt
(2) Q x Ktch	K x Q
(3) R-R4ch	K-Kt4
(4) R-Kt3 mate	

BROWN

BEAUMONT

(1) Q x Pch	K x Q
(2) R-R3ch	Kt-R5
(3) R x Ktch	K-Kt3
(4) R-R6 mate	

ASSIAC

PERSONAL

JOB wanted August 13-30. Man, 35, educated, travelled, adaptable; anywhere, preferably driving—anything considered, remuneration least consideration. Box 9871.

NEW periodical and book publishers with backing of well-known authors and businessmen are seeking one or two additional investors (£100 to £500). Box 621.

ARTIST, Irish beauty spot, lovely old chalet, private demesne (mod., comf.) offers artist accomm. for summer mths. to help pay rent—thirtyish, quiet, able to grill his own steak. Magnificent varied scenery, ideal for working, within 30 minutes of Dublin. Really 1st-class and privacy respected. Box 9879.

YOUNG publisher of promising new Youth Magazine needs assistance. Either sex. Should have a little capital for expansion. Part-time help at Bloomsbury office or home would suit. Box 95.

COMPANIONSHIP in her home on Kent Coast sought by retired teacher, 61, feminist, socialist, agnostic; fond of gardening, walking, reading. Required 35s. a week. Housework shared. Box 9954.

CONTINENTAL lady wishes spend few weeks with nice family as paying guest to improve her English. Pleasant company, comfortable room essential. Box 9988.

FRENCH law graduate (age 22) seeks accommodation in return for French lessons. An pair. July-September. Write J. Audinet, 2 rue Joseph Cabassol, Aix-en-Provence.

YOUNG woman, cheerful and educated, seeks domestic work/mother's help, where baby of two will be welcome. Box 110.

HOLIDAYS: Author (minor), barrister, journalist, sculptor, 57, wishes cheap month Continental hol. Wd. cycle. Box 19.

CLUELESS Undergraduate, anticipating examination failure, will accept sinecure anywhere. Box 72.

DUTCH University girl (21) wishes to spend 1 month here (to improve fluency before October exams.) in exchange for help with house or children. Write: Blackham, 22 The Avenue, Twickenham.

PROF. family wishes to arrange exchange holidays for son, 19, with young Englishman July, Aug. Eng. refs. available. Ulfsparre, 4 Kungholmstorg, Stockholm, Sweden.

WHO can teach young woman (journalist) Russian exchange Fr./Ger.? Box 88.

ARTIST (lady) exhibitor. Portraits in oils, pastel and drawings, from life or photo. From £7 7s. Box 1.

PERSONAL—continued

EXCHANGE in Switzerland. Mother and son (14) wish to spend July 20-August 20 in one (or two) families, preferably seaside. Boy eventually as paying guest. Offer exchange in Lausanne. Write: Mme. von der Aa, Valentin 41, Lausanne.

SCHOOLMISTRESS, 30, reqs. vol./other work abroad Aug. 8-Sept. 5. Box 447.

ORGANIC subsistence farming on Cornish moors. Vacancy mid-June for young learner. No wage—no premium—no expenses. Very healthy life. Sheep, pigs, poultry, goats, spinning, weaving, peat cutting, compost-making. C. of E. family. Sharp, Temple, near Bodmin. Tel. Cardinham 63.

BACHELOR, 35, reqs. change from frying pan cooking. Will anyone who can cook, darn socks, etc., run his delightful modernised cottage (Yorks.) for him? No objection child. Age & full partics., please, to Box 9947.

CARE of children/sim. duties wanted by Univ. lectr. Mod. langs. Aug.-Oct., for board, pkt. money, fares beyond Germany. Dr. Gertrud Schmitt, Moltke 6, Heidelberg.

RUSSIAN tuition by officer educated at Moscow Imperial University. Box 96.

MATHS. for Matric. Inter. Rustomjee, 2 Carlingford Rd. N.W.3. HAM. 0210. 6 Rectory Avenue, High Wycombe. H.W. 1436.

PIANO lessons, Medtner Method. Tatiana Braikevitch, 80 Woodstock Ave. N.W.11.

TUTOR, M.A. Technical and lit. translator, interpreter: Spanish, French, English. Receives, visits. 32 Stanmore St. N.1.

VOICE Production, Public Speaking. Gladys Nyren, L.R.A.M. (Speech and Drama). 5 Antrim Mansions, N.W.3. PRI. 1369.

FOREIGN Office? Army? University? Learn Russian from Leningrad University graduate. MOUntview 9365.

YOUNG Parisienne teaches French. Results guaranteed. Box 113.

RUSSIAN lessons given by Russian lady. Tel. PAD. 9610.

EN Famille Holidays and Exchanges. "To get the best out of travelling is to learn to understand new customs, new ways of living, new ways even of thinking." Stay En Famille next time you visit the Continent. Write E.F.A., 20 Buckingham St. Strand, London, or telephone HAMpstead 2325.

ITALIAN Riviera. Sunshine holidays at Portofino, Santa Margherita, Sestri Levante. 15 days from £29 5s. Box 9064.

PERSONAL—continued

MORE Amateur Actors wanted for Unity Theatre productions. Experience desirable but not essen. Write/'phone Productions Organiser, 1 Goldington St. N.W.1. Eus 5391.

SPAIN. Man, thirties, invited private party 5 persons motoring Spain 17 days from July 14. Share expenses. Box 553.

COACHING: Latin and German by professional teacher. Box 9690.

STOKE House Crafts Centre, Nr. Bletchley (Tel. 127), July 1 to 3—Ballet Week-end. July 8-10 Art, Drama, Films Discussion Course. July 15-17 Everyman's Music. With Cornelius Fisher. Terms from 30s. Educated sisters or friends reqd. as secretary and domestic assistant.

PERSONALLY conducted tours for walkers. Aug. 13-28, Savoy & Dauphigny Alps; Sept. 11-25, Dolomites & Venice. Also week-end parties, rambles, cathedral tours, etc. Apply F. Eldridge Smith, 50 Northey Ave. Cheam, Sy. (VIG. 0405.)

CONTINENTAL Holidays. All inclusive Holidays arranged in France, Italy, Spain, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Portugal, etc. Register now for your Swiss winter sports holiday. Henry Allan & Sons (Travel), Ltd., 25 Cockspur St. S.W.1. Tel. Whitehall 5387/9.

HAVE an unforgettable & inexpensive holiday in beautiful Corsica! Best climate in the Mediterranean. 2 weeks, including fare Paris-Corsica & return, full board—1st class cuisine—in camp at Calvi, for £18. Inquiries: Club Olympique, c/o Fomfrey & Partners, 22 Bury Place, W.C.1. Hol. 4846.

HOLIDAYS in France. Attractive propositions as paying guests in families—Brittany, Normandy, Riviera, country and mountains. Moderate costs. M. Guild & Son, 119 Windsor House, Victoria St. S.W.1. ABBey 7421.

ROMANTIC Holidays in Austria offer something for every taste. Ideal for lovers of art and music, motoring, mountaineering, water-sports, trout-fishing, shooting. There are quiet dream spots, fashionable spas and the international rendezvous at the Salzburg Festivals. First-class reconditioned hotels, cosy country inns and everywhere a cuisine that will please your palate. The unique Austrian atmosphere and a hearty welcome await you. See your Agent or the Austrian State Tourist Dept., 22 Princes House, 190 Piccadilly, London, W.1.

SUMMER in Tyrol: 10 days' tour—butter, cream, country walks, mountaineering, trout fishing, mod. comfs. in attractive old inn. Private parties/individual travel. Anglo-Austrian Travel Club, 17 Pelham Court, Kingston Rd. Staines. Incl. price, 25gns.

PERSONAL—continued

BOYS and girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Amwellbury, Herts. Elizabeth Strachan, Ware 52.

CHILDREN'S holidays. Boys & girls from 5-15 welcomed during summer holidays. S.R.N. Matron & other experienced staff. Varied programme, riding & care of animals. Very good food. Odam Hill Children's Farm, nr. South Molton, Devon.

IDEAL summer hols. for children at Bournemouth. Tunbridge Wells & in French Alps. Also small adult party visiting Paris & Alps late Sept. C. Rackett, Woodhouse, Broadmark Lane, Rustington, Sussex. Tel. 326.

AUSTRIAN holiday: try something new—join one of our small parties to the Tyrol July 29 and the Salzkammergut August 12 (tickets to Salzburg Music Festival included); also Sussex week-end party July 1 and other July parties Britain and abroad. Erno Low, 9 Reece Mews, Kensington, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

SCHOOLS

A NEW seaside Boarding School. Organised in the spirit of the 1944 Education Act. Vacancies for boys between the ages of 7-11. Prospectus from the Headmaster, Harry Levine, M.R.S.T., Briar Clyffe Preparatory School, Lowestoft, Suffolk.

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, Hampstead, N.W.3. Ham 2019. A progressive day school for boys and girls age 5-18. For particulars apply to the Principal.

ELMTREES, Great Missenden, Bucks. Co-ed. 5 to 12; also Little Elmtrees, 2½ to 5. Vacancies boarding and day both houses. Write for prospectus.

MONKTON Wyld School, Charminster, Dorset. School Farm. T.T. cows. All-round practical and cultural educ. for boys and girls, 9-18. After S.C. pupils prepared for Univ. Principals: Carl and Eleanor Urbach.

ST. MARY'S Town and Country School. Day School, 38 Eton Ave. Hampst.—Boarders: Stanford Park, nr. Rugby. Exchange poss. Own swimming, boating. Boys Co-ed., 5-18. Henry & Eliz. Paul Ph.D.

ST. Timothy's School, Dawlish, Devon. Independent Co-educational school for boarders and day scholars from five to school certificate preparation for secondary and public schools, situated in ideal surroundings. Principal, Miss S. M. Stookes, N.F.U.

TYLEHURST School, Forest Row, Sussex. Boys and Girls (5-13). Freedom, health and happiness as basis of education. Apply Dorothy Mumford B.Sc.